

*HYMNS AND THOUGHTS  
ON RELIGION.*

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THOUGHTS ON RELIGION.

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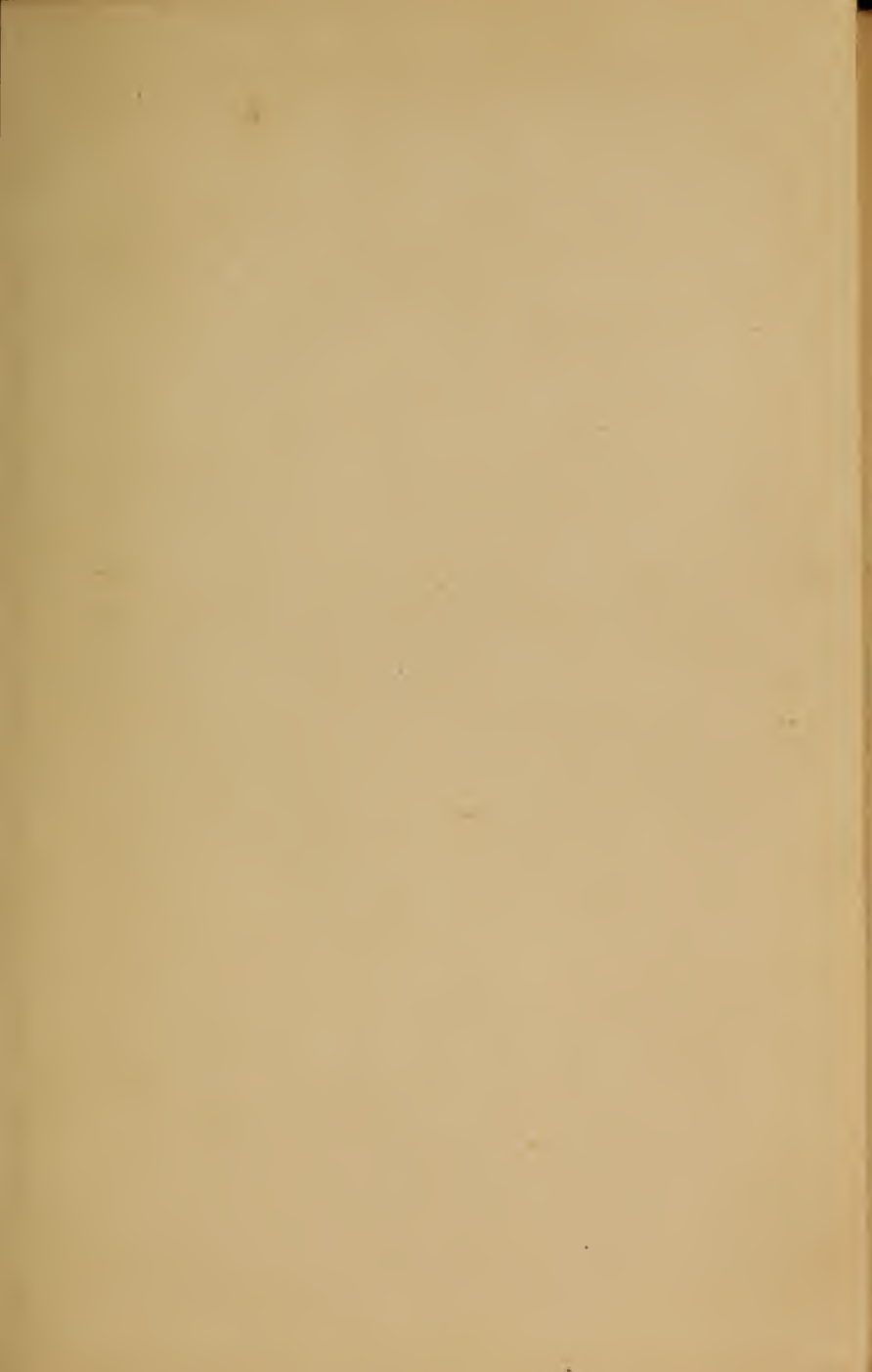
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Friedrich von Hardenberg.

Naples.





# HYMNS

AND

# THOUGHTS ON RELIGION

BY

NOVALIS.

*WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.*

TRANSLATED AND EDITED

BY

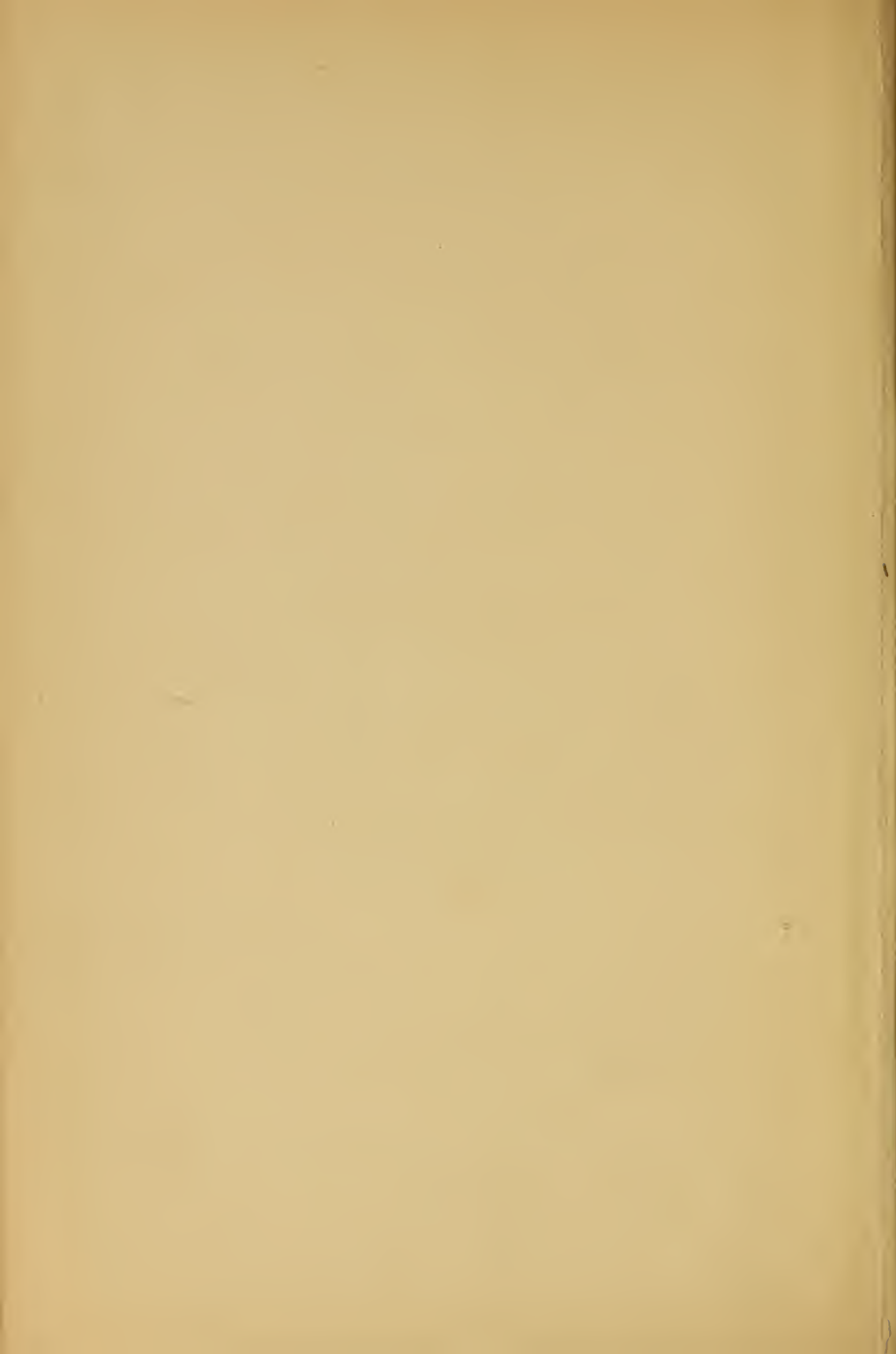
W. HASTIE, B.D.

*Translator of 'The Philosophy of Art,' by Hegel & C. L. Michelet ;  
Kant's 'Philosophy of Law ;' 'Outlines of Jurisprudence,' by Puchta ;  
Pünjer's 'Christian Philosophy of Religion,' etc.*

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MDCCCLXXXVIII.



THIS BOOK  
IS  
AFFECTIONATELY AND GRATEFULLY  
DEDICATED  
TO  
MY MOTHER.

*'Quod spiro et placeo, si p'laceo, tuum est.'*—W. H.

‘I shall point you to a glorious example, which you ought all to know: to that divine Youth who fell too early asleep, to whom all that his spirit touched, became Art, and whose whole perception of the world, became immediately a great poem; and whom although he has hardly done more in fact than utter his first strains,—you must associate with the richest poets, those few who are as profound as they are vital and clear. In him behold the power of the inspiration and reflectiveness of a pious soul; and confess that when Philosophers will be religious and seek God, like Spinoza, and Artists will be pious and love Christ, like NOVALIS, then will the great resurrection be celebrated for both their worlds.’—SCHLEIERMACHER.

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## TRANSLATOR'S PREFATORY NOTE.

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STIRRED by a sympathy which has been freshened by recent study, and moved by a certain pathos in his present relations, the Translator threw off the following English renderings of the Hymns and Spiritual Songs of Novalis, in occasional hours of restful quiet during the last Christmastide. They were severally communicated in those days only to his own inner circle of relatives and friends ; but induced by the sympathetic responses they have evoked, and as unconcerned now as during their production, about popular reception or critical estimate, he has been moved to put these outpourings of the heart of this gifted son of genius—even through an admittedly imperfect medium—within the reach of such other souls as

may be drawn to them at this Eastertide by a similar need of spiritual soothing and solace. The 'Thoughts on Religion'—gathered out of the chaotic and scattered fragments published by the various German Editors, Critics, and Biographers—have been added in order to give more definiteness and completeness to the ideas embodied or implied in the romantic and poetical forms. These aphoristic Thoughts have gained for Novalis a permanent place in the History of the modern development of the Philosophy of Religion and are worthy of careful study. They are here arranged in order for the first time; and they become more intelligible and significant when taken along with the lyrical expression of metaphysical Ideality in the 'Hymns to Night,' and of Christian sentiment in the 'Spiritual Songs,' and when viewed, according to his own definition, as 'scientific poetry,' and as the crowning product, of the development of his spiritual life and thought as a poet.



Since Carlyle wrote his memorable Essay on Novalis, which made the chords of many an English heart thrill under the fascination and mysteriousness of his poetic thought, considerable contributions have been made in Germany to a fuller and clearer representation of the life and thinking of the young Philosopher and Poet ; and in a forthcoming work—which will exhibit the Thoughts of Novalis on Philosophy, Science and Art—the Translator hopes to make use of this material, especially in dealing with the relations of Novalis to the Philosophy of his time, and to the German Romantic School, of which he was the purest and fairest representative. The present volume is meant to furnish food for meditation rather than for criticism, and to quicken the sympathy of the reader by a reflection of the intuitive and universal art of Novalis himself rather than through indirect descriptions of it. His was truly a high and open soul which knew no lower passion than the glow of immortal love, and lived only long

enough to realise the transitoriness of the death that pervades our life, so that its every aspect presented beauty and its every pulsation became religion ; and these its more tender and beautiful blossomings and fruitful germs cannot be better presented than in their own simplicity and directness, to those who may have won from personal sadness and pain, the power to enter into the Poet's inspiration and insight.

It therefore seems undesirable to interpose even one unnecessary word between the heart of the reader and the flow of his sympathy, or to mar the universality of the most human emotions by intruding distracting accidental particulars of a merely critical interest. The Sketch of the Life of Novalis by Just—whom he has himself described as his 'first, oldest, and trustiest friend'—is, however, reproduced in order to satisfy all relevant personal interest and to elucidate the individual and literary relations of what follows, to which its unaffected, trustworthy and sympa-

thetic narration is singularly relevant. The prefixed steel Engraving of a portrait of the young poet, as he lived and looked in his seventeenth year, reproduces his features and expression in 'speaking likeness,' according to the affecting testimony of Tieck, who compares the face of his youthful friend to that of the Evangelist John, as represented by A. Dürer. It has been prepared for this volume through the kind aid of Herr G. Reimer of Berlin, the German publisher of Novalis's works. The Translator has also to acknowledge his obligations to Fräulein Sophie von Hardenberg—the accomplished niece of Novalis and his latest Biographer—for the ready interest taken by her and other members of the noble Hardenberg family in this translation, and for some valuable communications regarding the personal and literary relations of the gifted friend whose name and fame they guard and cherish with just pride and affection. These communications, however, could not be properly utilised in detail

here, but they are reserved for subsequent reference in the connection above referred to.

A truce, then for a time, to all mere external criticism or comparison of Novalis, in presence of the simplicity and unmistakableness of this direct self-presentment. The pure-souled Romantic Poet of the Ideal Creation, as he is here seen sustaining himself in the high Empyrean of the spirit, is acknowledged to be alone among the sweet singers of the world, in some of the deeper strains of his music. Let him then be gently heard as, hidden in the light of his own thought, he soars and sings in the upper world of the Infinite Mystery that is concealed in the everlasting depths of Night and of what is revealed of the Eternal Life that conquers death; and as he sinks again, in sight of the lower shadowed sphere, into calm meditation upon the final world-wide reconciliation even here below, of our Human sorrow with the Divine joy.

W. H.

*March 1, 1888.*

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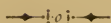
**Life of Novalis**

BY JUST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.



## Sketch of the Life of Novalis.



WHEN it is said of a man that 'he has *genius*,' it is commonly meant that he has the mental endowments which fit him to cultivate the sciences or arts with facility, and to achieve something in them that is not common. If it is considered that this capacity is directed only to a particular art or science, then we say more particularly that 'he has *poetical, mathematical, or other genius*.' If this capacity is adapted for the cultivation of sciences and arts in general, then we may say generally that 'he *has genius*.' A far higher natural endowment, however, is indicated when it is said of any one that 'he *is a genius*.' And if his capacity is directed definitely to one object only, so that it is said 'he has a philosophical, artistic, technical, or mathematical genius,' this unquestionably means that all the capacities of his mind appear to have a bent given to them by

nature towards the prosecution of this particular art or science, and towards distinction in it as an inventor and master. And finally, when we say in the most general terms that 'this man *is* a genius,' the expression properly has, and can have, no other sense than that this man possesses pre-eminent capacities of mind so that he is fitted to appear as an independent discoverer and master in every art and science which he may prosecute; that he possesses the power of learning with facility all of it that is worth knowing, fathoming it deeply, retaining it firmly, arranging it wisely, and judging it acutely; that he possesses all his spiritual faculties in equal strength and with equal power to apply them, and that he has as much facility in directing them to this or that object as he has pleasure and love in exercising them. This conception of 'genius,' is the one I have formed from my acquaintance with the young man FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG (usually called *Novalis*), whom I knew during several of the years of his short life, and whom I had the best opportunity of observing closely in those very years in which his mind reached its maturity.

And if it is common to ascribe to 'men of genius,' such faults as that they are superficial,



that they do not keep constantly to *one* object, that they prefer the more pleasing to the more earnest subjects of human knowledge, that they live in their own ideas, or that they will not adapt themselves to the practical applications of life, yet this was not at all the case with Novalis. He wished to learn everything fundamentally and scientifically, and he excluded no object of human knowledge from his interest. At the same time he accustomed himself to practical life, and did not shrink from the toilsome study of those minute details which a really practical man must necessarily know and apply. And with all this, he combined a heart that was open and receptive for all goodness and beauty, and especially for nature, friendship and love; a heart which stood in the most perfect harmony with his intellect so that he neither forgot the claims of the heart in the development of his mind, nor did his thought run counter to his feelings; and he knew well how to appreciate correctly and to discriminate the head and heart—the thoughts and feelings—of others.

Hence his early death appeared to all who knew him intimately, as a real loss to science and to mankind. The liberal many-sided, varied, and

manifold education which he received, had undoubtedly contributed much to develop his excellent natural endowments. Born of noble rank, he was the son of an excellent, intellectual, respected, successful father; and he came into close relationship with men whose birth, dignity, possessions, connections, spiritual gifts, and knowledge raised them high above others. All the advantages which could flow from these relations were early utilised by him, while the disadvantages which might be connected with them had exercised no special influence upon him. For without undervaluing the civil difference of the various ranks, his free reflective mind recognised only one distinction,—that between the cultivated and the uncultivated classes of men in all ranks. To the nobility, he assigned only two advantages: the privilege of exercising hospitality and that of liberality in sentiment and education, the latter of which had in particular exercised so beneficent an influence in his own experience.\*

\* [The facts mentioned in the following biographical sketch are wholly reliable, having been drawn from the personal knowledge of the writer, or from Novalis's communications to him. This is the chief merit of Just's sketch, which reflects his own straightforward, upright, honourable character. The sketch prefixed by Tieck to the Third Edition of Novalis's Writings is not entirely trustworthy, but its most relevant

Friedrich von Hardenberg [whom we shall hereafter refer to as NOVALIS] was born on the 2nd May 1772, at Wiedestedt, an estate belonging to the Hardenberg family, in the district of Mansfeld.\* He did not at all distinguish himself in his early years. Sickly in body, his mind too slumbered for a time. His sister,—only a year older than himself, with whom he was educated and whom, as well as the two brothers who followed him, he loved with warm attachment,—applied herself to the elements of the sciences, with the view of encouraging him to learn them out of the love he

parts have been utilised with great tact and skill by Carlyle (*Essays*, Vol. II). The accomplished Authoress of *Friedrich von Hardenberg (genannt Novalis) Eine Nachlese*, etc. (2nd ed. Gotha, 1883), has added much valuable material and information mainly from the Archives of the Hardenberg family, and has corrected some important misunderstandings. Dr J. M. Raich has edited the interesting correspondence of Novalis with the Schlegels (Mainz, 1880). Willibad Beyschlag has prefixed an elegant sketch of the Life of Novalis to his Edition of Novalis's Poems (3rd ed., Leipzig, 1886). Haym has also given an outline of the Life of Novalis in his important work on the Romantic School. An Essay on Novalis by Dilthey the biographer of Schleiermacher (*Preuss. Jahrbücher*, xv. 632 ff.) may also be referred to.—TR.]

\* [Wiedestedt lies at the foot of the Hartz mountains. An account of the Hardenberg family and a sketch of the house in which Novalis was born, is given by Fräulein Sophie von Hardenberg in her *Friedrich von Hardenberg. Eine Nachlese*, etc.—TR.]

had for her. And this plan succeeded. The pious feeling which prevailed in the house of his parents, early exercised an important influence upon him, although it was only in the last years of his life that its full effect was shown. His father was a man of unwearied activity who strove to work with restless assiduity; and the duties of his calling and those of philanthropy, were supreme and sacred to him. His varied and occasionally distant employments did not allow him personally to superintend the education of his elder children. The education of young Friedrich was carried on for a time by his mother, whose devout tone of mind was in harmony with that of his father, and the boy hung upon her with a child's love. The eldest daughter, as we have seen, also shared in the same course of instruction in the first years of their childhood. Afterwards it was carried on and completed by tutors. It was in his ninth year—after he had passed through a severe illness—that his mind fully awoke. He then advanced with remarkably rapid strides in the study of the learned languages and in history. Poems and romantic tales were his favourite recreation; and his eldest sister and his two younger brothers were his only com-

panions. His parents were, by religious opinion and sentiment, friends of the Moravian Brethren, and felt satisfied and happy in this connection. Nor are they to be blamed for wishing to transmit the good they thus realised to their children.

With their eldest daughter their pious wish was fulfilled, but their object was not attained at that time with their eldest son. They arranged for his being instructed in the doctrines of the Christian religion by the preacher at Neudietendorf, a Moravian colony between Erfurt and Gotha. His childlike simplicity, and his æsthetic as well as his religious feeling, may have found themselves in harmony with this connection; but how could his intellect, which was now awakened and filled with lofty aspiration, be confined in its struggling after independence and science within the narrow limits which were here prescribed by faith to all inquiry and knowledge? \*

\* [The early training of Novalis in a Moravian family and under the influence of Moravian teachers, had the most vital influence upon his development, and it is reflected in his *Spiritual Songs*. In this relation he passed through the same discipline and struggles as his friend Schleiermacher, who advanced from the fervour and limitations of the Moravian piety, through the philosophical and scientific influences of his time, till he became the greatest theologian of the Nineteenth Century. The later views of Novalis regarding the Moravians are indicated in his *Thoughts on Religion*.—TR.]

His stay at Luclum near Brunswick, could not but be far more welcome to the ripening youth. Here he lived for a year with his uncle, the Landcomthur von Hardenberg. This man possessed a cultivated understanding and a great amount of well arranged knowledge, and he had gathered around him an excellent collection of the best and latest writings of all kinds. These two facts and his connection with great, wise, and good men, his profound knowledge of the world derived from his own experience, his refined tone, the esteem in which he lived, all this certainly proved of great value and assistance in bringing the youth to his early and many-sided development. For he was at the same time independent enough not to be blinded by any of the splendour of external advantages and distinctions; he was quite capable of recognising the true nature of man in any sphere, and thus of gathering into himself only what gave nourishment to his mind and heart.

The time was now approaching for him to go to the University. In order that he might be thoroughly prepared for it, his father gave him a year's further instruction at Eisleben, under the supervision of an excellent teacher named Jani. This course of instruction was devoted to the



ancient languages, and to those branches of knowledge, the neglect of which was then but too often lamented, both at the universities and in after life.

Hitherto he had lived under the supervision of his parents, of his tutors, of his uncle, and of his teacher Jani, but now he stepped all alone into the academic world. In the autumn of 1790, he first went as a student to Jena. He next went to Leipsic, along with his second brother Erasmus; and lastly he went to Wittenberg, where, in the autumn of 1794, he closed his academic career. It is certainly significant as regards his culture, that now he went everywhere upon his own way, without being driven or led by guides or leaders. Thus he gained unquestionably in independence, in personal insight, in the free spirit of inquiry, and in rapid progress.

A happy concurrence of favourable circumstances was unusually conducive to the development of his mind. The Kantian Philosophy was then beginning to be the ruling system, and it was cultivated at Jena by Reinhold and Fichte. He here became intimately acquainted with Fichte, who had obtained assistance in his education at the school and the university from Hardenberg's

father and a noble lady on whose estate he was born; and Novalis saw the flashing of the first electric sparks which were then struck from that head of fire. He also already recognised in those days the power of the philosophical spirit which dwelt in Schelling, when he began in Leipsic to give instruction in philosophy in his own room to some of his friends. Novalis became so thoroughly acquainted with the spirit of the Critical Philosophy of Kant, that it might have been supposed that his interest was confined to it alone; but his æsthetic and poetic genius also found rich nutriment in the society of the thinkers who were gathered in Jena and Weimar.\* The spirit of the time brought into currency the ideas of Freedom and Equality, of the Rights of man and the Principles of the Political Constitutions. It was thus that his favourite studies at this time embraced Philosophy, the Sciences, the Fine Arts, and Politics in the wider sense of the term.

\* [Among these the chief were Schiller and Goethe. Novalis cherished an enthusiastic admiration for Schiller, and it finds full expression in his letters to the poet in 1791. To Schiller, Novalis owed much of that lofty and pure morality which preserved him from the worst aberrations of the Romantic School. To Goethe's genius he also paid unbounded homage, designating him 'the *Stadtholder* of poetry on earth,' and he received a kindly and friendly interest in return.—*Tr.*]



Along with all this, however, he did not fail to make himself acquainted with Jurisprudence, his special study in Leipsic and Wittenberg; and he must at the same time have acquired considerable preliminary knowledge of Mathematics and Chemistry as his subsequent progress showed.

From Wittenberg he went to Tennstedt in order to be there introduced to practical life, according to the wishes of his father. It was then that he and I became most confidential friends, and we continued to be such till his death. From that period I can therefore write about him from my own knowledge, what I have hitherto stated having been derived from his own communications and from other witnesses. I was now to be regarded as his teacher and guide; but in truth he became my teacher. In those branches in which from experience and practice, I perhaps stood superior to him in knowledge, I had to apply all my powers to respond in some measure to his inquiring spirit, which was not satisfied with what was common or known or customary, but sought everywhere for what was subtle and deep and abstruse. And not only was this the case as regarded himself, but he also carried me along with him, freed me from the fetters of one-

sidedness and pedantry, which are so easily forged upon one by the practice of years, and he compelled me to take varied views of the same object by his conversation and writing. He raised me to the ideals which always floated before his own mind as far as my mechanical habit permitted it, and he thus awakened within me the æsthetic sense which had almost fallen asleep.

All this will be intelligible, but who could have supposed that such a youth, in order to train himself to the habits of a practical business man, did not shrink from the trouble of going wholly through the same piece of work two or three times over, until it appeared what according to my view, it ought to be? Who could have expected that he would draw up for himself whole pages of synonyms and related technical terms, in order to get into his power the alternative and precise expressions required in his business essays, and that he should have worked at the commonest practical functions of his profession with the same zeal as at those matters which were entirely conformable to the interests of his own mind?

Whatever he had to do, he would not do it in half, but in whole. He did nothing superficially, but worked everything to the bottom. In this he

was pre-eminently supported by his splendid capacities, the equipoise of all his mental powers, and the facility with which he could pursue every subject. He would read through a new book in a fourth of the time which we other sons of earth require to spend upon it. He would then lay it quietly aside as if he had not read it at all, but, when weeks or months afterwards this book was spoken about, he was able to go over the whole of its contents, to quote its most important passages, and to give a definite judgment as to its value. On such an occasion, he would ask whether he might not recommend it for perusal to any of his friends. In this way he also read, worked at, and studied *men*. And thus it was possible for him to achieve what he has achieved in so short a life. Of the most recent writings pertaining to the scientific and æsthetic branches which belonged to his department and to his age, hardly anyone was entirely strange to him. He had read and studied the most remarkable of them. At the same time it happened that he had come into personal acquaintance with many celebrated scholars, and he knew well the mode and manner in which several of them were wont to study and write. I remember this particularly in reference to Jean

Paul Richter and Lafontaine. His favourite work in the department of the beautiful in literature at that time—in 1795—was Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. He knew this book almost by heart, and I believe it may be almost observed from his own *Ofterdingen* that *Wilhelm Meister* was his favourite reading.

There were three things for which Novalis then—and, as I believe, up to his death—had a decided preference: *logical sequence* in thinking and acting, *æsthetic beauty*, and *science*. The high value which he attributed to the first, sometimes led him away so that he could even pass an eulogium on such a subject as the Robespierre system of terror merely on account of its logical consequence, although he could not but hate it on account of its horrors. In this way, he also in the last year of his life delighted the soul of a pious Catholic friend who happened to be residing with me, by describing the logical character of the hierarchy, and into his long description he interwove the whole history of the Papacy so that, drawing upon all the wealth of the grounds and images that his reason and fancy supplied him with, he became the panegyrist of the Papal autocracy.

He had a similar liking for *æsthetic beauty*, even when his inner man was not yet attuned to the rational holiness of the Christian religion. Even then the Bible was dear and precious to him because of its *æsthetic* beauties, and on this account he was certainly the more disposed towards such a form of religion as presented to him for adoration a mother of God, a Madonna.

Fichte had given a new meaning to the word '*science*'; and it had much value to my friend. For he wished and strove not only to carry back all that had been hitherto called art and science to one principle and thus to rise to the truth of science, but also to unite all the sciences and arts into a whole. According to his conviction, each one stretched a sisterly hand to the other and a glorious unity combined them all. Therefore it was that he excluded no branch of learning from his inquiry and study. In Wittenberg, for instance, he went through a complete special course of Church History; and, if he could not study all the sciences and arts at that time, it is certainly a proof of his distinguished genius that he even then *wished* to study them all, and out of them to make one science.

With this liking for science and *æsthetic* beauty,

it would have been difficult for him to decide in his twenty-fourth year for a practical life, had it not just been that his æsthetic feeling and the sense for quiet domestic happiness, which he had already imbibed early in his father's house, determined him to it.

When travelling on business with me he made the acquaintance of Sophie von Kühn, who, although still in her thirteenth year already possessed character like an adult, and she united spirit and dignity with the charm of a beautiful youth such as is found in few.\* This amiable creature became

\* [Sophie von Kühn was born March 17, 1782, and died March 19, 1797. Novalis in his diary wrongly enters 1783 as the year of her birth. Tieck describes 'the rose of Grüningen' (as she is called by Sophie von Hardenberg) and her influence over Novalis, with the pen of a poet. 'The first glance of this fair and wonderfully lovely form was decisive for his whole life; nay, we may say that the feeling which now penetrated and inspired him, was the substance and essence of his whole life. Sometimes, in the look and figure of a child, there will stamp itself an expression, which, as it is too angelic and ethereally beautiful, we are forced to call unearthly or celestial; and commonly at sight of such purified and almost transparent faces, there comes on us a fear that they are too tenderly and delicately fashioned for this life; that it is Death or Immortality which looks forth so expressively on us from these glancing eyes; and too often a quick decay converts our mournful foreboding into certainty. Still more affecting are such figures when their first period is happily passed over, and they come before us blooming on the eve of maidenhood. All persons that have known this won-



his Madonna, and the hope of possessing her gave him the prospect of such domestic happiness as his parents enjoyed. But he could only attain to this happiness after becoming initiated into some definite practical occupation. Thus his wishes came into unison with those of his father. The salt-works in the Electorate of Saxony were to be the first sphere in which he was to labour. And in order to be able to take up his duties with advantage, shortly before his departure from Tennstedt, he went through a course of instruction at Langensalza under the famous chemist Mingleb, in Halurgy, that part of chemistry which was necessary for his future occupation. It took only from ten to twelve days for him to go through the whole course of instruction; and, Mingleb, who was certainly a competent judge in his department, never afterwards mentioned the name of Friedrich von Hardenberg but with respect.

In February, 1796, Novalis entered upon his novitiate at the Electoral salt mines. The local managers were his father and the Mining Engi-

drous loved one of our friend, agree in testifying that no description can express in what grace and celestial harmony the fair being moved, what beauty shone in her, what softness and majesty encircled her. Novalis became a poet every time he chanced to speak of it.'—TR.]

neers, Heun and Senff. Each of them was distinguished in his own department. His father was noted for the unwearied and energetic activity with which he sacrificed time, health, and interest to the service and to the common good. Heun was the oldest member of the staff of managers, and he was distinguished by his intimate acquaintance with the arrangements of the works, so that my friend called him the living archive of the institution. Senff again had been long publicly recognised for his services, and especially in the engineering department. From all of them Novalis sought to learn. He thus studied, in accordance with his father's wishes, the details and minutiae which deserve special attention in such industries, in order to prepare himself for greater undertakings in his department. His practical life, however, left him also leisure enough for the cultivation of science. In addition to the great store of ideas and knowledge which he carried in himself, and which he went on increasing by means of books and written communications with learned men, he had besides special occasion—although a sad one—for frequently visiting his favourite Jena. Here he found several of his learned friends, and chief among them Friedrich



Schlegel.\* The special reason of these visits was that his Sophie had fallen ill and was placed under the medical charge of Dr Stark of Jena. Sophie lived for several months in Jena, with her mother and sister, on account of her health. It was here his parents learned to know and love the amiable girl, and they attended to her with parental fondness. It was thus that his love drew Novalis often to the place which had otherwise become endeared to him by science and friendship.

Sophie returned from Jena unrestored in health, to the estate of her father at Grüningen in Thuringia, where Novalis visited her from time to time. Her illness had led him to make himself closely acquainted with the science of medicine. Unhappily, however, his own knowledge told him that her illness could not but issue in an early death. His heart regarded such separation as impossible, and always rebelled against it; for his

\* [Friedrich Schlegel, brother of the distinguished literary historian and critic August Wilhelm Schlegel, was a prominent representative of the Romantic School. He was the intimate friend of Schleiermacher and Novalis. He afterwards joined the Roman Catholic Church. His principal later writings 'Philosophy of Life,' 'Philosophy of History,' 'History of Literature,' have been translated in Bohn's Standard Library.—Tr.]

principle—correct in itself but not applicable in its universality—that ‘what man wills he can,’ misled him into believing that his Sophie would not die. This conflict between the heart and the understanding, was still going on within him when he visited her for the last time. But sad experience solved the problem; for Sophie died on the 19th March, 1797.

This blow seemed to annihilate his plan of life. It was not permanently so, however, for his career only took a turn and another direction. His first letters to us at Tennstedt gave evidence of his indescribable sorrow, but also of the powerful spirit which found, even in his hard fate, a call to new high thoughts and views. He wrote to me on the 29th March, from Weissenfels, as follows:—‘The yearning for Sophie has markedly increased since her death, and with it my feeling for friendship has been perceptibly heightened; her gentle letters have been pleasing nutriment for it. I am glad that you—my first, oldest and truest friend—so clearly discerned the real loss that the departure of my Sophie has been to me. Such a confirmation of my feeling must produce very beneficial effects. The remembrance of what remains to me for life, is at least a significant guidance, and at

the same time a lovely element in the complete image that shapes my consolation. Hitherto this has not appeared to me so clearly as now, although since last evening I have had a presentiment of its coming. If I have hitherto lived in the presence and the hope of earthly happiness, I must henceforth live entirely in the real future and in the faith in God and immortality. It will be very difficult for me to sever myself entirely from this world which I have studied with so much love; the relapses will bring many a long moment, but I know that there is a power in man which under careful fostering, can develop itself into peculiar energy. You would pity me if I were to tell you of the contradictions of my former hours. I do not deny that I am afraid of terrible ossification of the heart, of consumption of the soul. This disposition is among the dispositions of my nature. Soft by birth, my understanding has gradually extended its sway, and, unobserved, has driven the heart out of its possessions. Sophie restored to the heart its lost throne. How easily may not her death give the supremacy again to the usurper; and it certainly would take its revenge by exterminating the feelings of the heart. The indifference and coldness of the understanding, I have already

deeply felt, but perhaps the invisible world and its power, which has hitherto slumbered in me, is to save me.—The idea of God becomes dearer to me every day.—How enraptured and calmed would anyone be who, having never yet heard of God, and being very unhappy, was made acquainted with this idea. I hope that it will be like this with me. Certainly it is over with my love to the affairs of men for this stage of being. Cold duty takes the place of love. My proper occupations will be my official employments. Besides I find it too noisy for me everywhere. I shall have to withdraw myself always more into retirement. Thus will the step into the grave become ever more and more a matter of habit. The distance which separates me from it, is thus always becoming less. The sciences are gaining a higher interest for me; as I now study them for higher ends and from a higher point of view. In them, with views of the invisible world, among a few friends and in the discharge of duty, I shall live till my last breath, which as it appears to me is not so distant as I often fear. My friends show a silent heartfelt sympathy with me, especially Carl and my father, the latter having sincerely wept for her the first tears he has shed for many years.'

At this very time, there was also much anxiety about the state of his brother Erasmus, with whom he had been educated and whose heart he shared. This brother had returned from an Institute of Forestry in Franken, whither he had gone from the University, to his father's house in ill-health, and his death was daily expected. This determined the parents who were concerned about the health of their eldest son too, to send him back to Tennstedt for a time that he might live with us in our domestic circle and in quiet retirement with himself. His heart was deeply wounded; his fancy was revelling in imagery, not indeed wildly, but under the control of his stronger reason. About five days before Easter, he arrived at Tennstedt, but he did not consider himself strong enough to be able to visit the place where his Sophie died and where her remains reposed; nor did he expect to do it for some weeks to come. On the evening before Easter, however, he felt himself strong enough for this expedition. He celebrated Easter morning—perhaps in the spirit of the resurrection festival of the Moravians—at Sophie's grave, and he returned at the appointed hour more calm and more cheerful. The same afternoon, he received the

news of the death of his brother to whom he was so closely attached. No complaints were heard from him, nor were any tears seen. He spoke on the subject only with reason and emotion, and on matters connected with it; he was even sufficiently composed to talk upon other subjects with presence of mind. The immortal life of his loved ones and reunion with them, were the prevailing thoughts in his soul. This was also expressed in the beautiful words which he then wrote to the third brother Carl: 'Be comforted; Erasmus has overcome. The blossoms of our dear garland are falling off singly here, in order that they may be put together there more beautifully and for ever.'

His phantasy flattered him with the hope—which to his apparent consolation became then in him a certainty—that within a year death would unite him with his beloved one. His peculiar enthusiasm found rich material in the perusal of the writings of Lavater, which about this time he read almost exclusively. So much the more pardonable was it if he dated for himself a new era from the day on which his Sophie died, or if he lingered gladly in the contemplation of any relics of her, or cherished other little enthusiasms of this kind as he still gave always the due supremacy to

reason. During several weeks of his stay in Tennstedt, he worked and wrote every morning unweariedly, and I believe his subjects of study were Physics, Philosophy, and Immortality. The remainder of the day was devoted by him to the enjoyment of awakening nature, and to quiet domestic intercourse in which he was cheerful often even to jesting. Thus he once surprised his friends with a humorous poem on the purchase of a garden; it was the product of a few hours, and only its last lines betrayed the earnest mood which was then prevailing in his soul.

After a few weeks, Novalis returned to Weissenfels, partly from reasons of his own and partly for the sake of his mother and eldest sister who were deeply afflicted by the recent deaths, and with the view of distracting and strengthening both himself and them by little excursions. One of his excursions which he made with the tutor of the younger members of the family, was to the Rosstrappe, and he described it to me in a letter which recalls by the liveliness of its descriptions his *Henry of Ofterdingen*, and which gives evidence at the same time of the energy of his reason exerting itself at this period when both his heart and fancy had been so deeply agitated. It con-



cludes with cheerful and satirical glimpses of the society which he met, such as the people at the inn, just as if an idle wanderer in search of pleasure were giving a description of the little adventures he had met on the journey, with careless mind and untroubled soul.

Thus he spent the summer, alternating between his father's house and the salt-works, and spending the intervals on short excursions and among his friends. And so he regained the equipoise of all his higher powers, and his body became stronger. In the autumn of 1797, the thought of an early reunion with his beloved one was still always present to him, but now no longer with the lively certainty with which he had formerly believed in it. He recovered his taste for life, and especially for a life devoted to science. He felt himself again restored to the state of freedom in which he was before he had become acquainted with Sophie.

There were two studies which he now wished specially to prosecute, and one of them more particularly: these were the sciences of Medicine and of Mining. Inclination drew him to the former, duty determined him for the latter. Already acquainted with the prevailing systems of



medicine, and the latest discoveries, he laboured to establish the science upon a simple principle and thus to give it certainty. Nevertheless, the wishes of his father and love to his family for whose interests, as the eldest brother, he felt himself called upon to devote himself, decided him to go to Freiberg and to go through the training requisite for a practical appointment in connection with the Electoral salt-mines. This took place in December 1797. He now devoted himself almost exclusively to Physics, Chemistry, Higher Mathematics, Geology, Metallurgy, Engineering, and all the other sciences which are taught at a Mining Institution. His principal guide was Werner, whom he called his chief teacher. Meanwhile the year passed within which he had believed that he was to die. He still lived and his devoted feeling called him to Thuringia to celebrate the day of the death of his Sophie upon her grave. For his love to her remained as strong as ever in his soul, although it had now lost its sole dominion.

His heart required a female soul to whom he could attach himself. This was necessary for him too, in order that he might fix himself to a definite sphere of practical life and realise domestic happiness. Thus it was that Julie von Charpentier,

the daughter of the manager of the Freiberg mines, first drew his respect and then gained his love by her cultivated understanding. In her a gentle and noble heart was accompanied with beauty and grace. His love for her was not the passion which it had been for Sophie; it was much calmer, but it was not on this account less warm, and it was such as would last for life. Her society gave nourishment both for head and heart, and thus his stay at Freiberg could not but have this two-fold value for him.

In the midst of Oreads and Graces, he did not forget the Muses, and these old friends of his continued faithful to him. Evidence of this is given in some poetical productions which were then composed, especially, the *Hymns to Night* and other smaller pieces. They were published in the *Jahrbücher der Preussischen Monarchie* of June and July, 1798, and in Schlegel's *Athenaeum* of 1798 and 1800, under the name of 'Novalis,' then assumed by him.\*

However, everything now depended upon forming a fixed plan for his future life. He wished to

\* [The *nom de plume* 'Novalis,' by which the author of the *Hymns to Night* is best known, was, as he tells us, an old designation of one of the branches of the Hardenberg family connected with an estate belonging to them (*de Novali*).—TR.]

live in the country, and especially in Thuringia, and his desire was to obtain a position which would give him definite employment and an income, however moderate, with some leisure for science, friendship and quiet domestic joy. Accordingly, in the summer of 1799, he returned to Weissenfels, in order to be associated as assessor in the management of the salt-works. His first wish was thus fulfilled, and he was further entrusted with the charge of the legal matters connected with the works. In this period he made the acquaintance of some very interesting friends. One of these was Ludwig Tieck, whom he met in the summer of 1799, and whom he now loved with great affection. He consulted with Tieck about what he should write; and along with the poet in Tieck, he loved the man. He spent some enjoyable days with Tieck and Reichardt, Tieck's brother-in-law, at Reichardt's country-seat, near Giebichenstein. His vocation brought him his second friendship. He passed a considerable part of the winter of 1799-1800, at the Electoral salt-works of Artern, and in this little town there were then living two men who were an honour to their profession: Major von Funck and Captain Thilemann, both in the

Elector's regiment of hussars. Liberality of sentiment, culture of mind, with more than a superficial acquaintance with the latest philosophy and literature, and a collection of the best new books : all this could not but draw Novalis to them and them to him. For each of them found his account in this acquaintance ; it was a source of gain and enjoyment to them all.

At the same time he was not inactive in his practical duties. To a large extent indeed, he was still but an attentive and quiet observer. Many hours were spent by him in the salt-works, with the air of a distracted mind that dwells in other regions, and yet his mind was just then working on the possibility of practical improvements. Thus I can definitely recall among other things, that he busied himself making meteorological observations in order to bring the graduation of the salt-water to a higher stage, and that he studied the mode of manufacturing salt by the heat of the sun technically, chemically and practically. It should hardly be asked what he specially achieved in this department. When one dies in the years of his apprenticeship, we can only inquire and divine as to what he would have accomplished in the years of his maturity. And

thus it was that the manager Heun deeply lamented his death, when shortly after it he said to me, 'Oh, you don't know what we have lost in him.'

In the year 1800, the office of a mining superintendent fell vacant in Thuringia. This gave our Novalis the hope of realising his plan in life. If he succeeded in obtaining this post, his sphere of activity would be widened. The various and different employments of a superintendent offered to his accomplished and widely educated mind many opportunities of being usefully active. His connection with the salt-works would remain unchanged and the two offices would not confine him so much in the chains of practical work that he would have to renounce the Sciences and the Muses. With all this he could also now hope to be soon united with his Julia and to enjoy domestic bliss with her. The fates were favourable; his application was granted. His examination was passed with approval, and nothing was now wanting to the happiness he had longed for but taking possession of it. In the summer of 1800, however, he had become sickly and his weakness accompanied him to Dresden. There the sad and unexpected death of a younger

brother so agitated him that he burst a blood-vessel; and now his strong soul only inhabited his feeble body but a few months longer. In Dresden he was lovingly attended by his grown-up brothers Carl and Anton, and thereafter in Weissenfels with the same self-sacrificing tenderness by Carl and his Julia, who with his father accompanied him thither by his request. But all the care of his loved ones and all the help of the physicians were of no avail. Being free from pain, he regarded himself not so much as sick, but rather as weary, and he hoped for healing from the approaching spring. His mind had not sickened with his body. He read diligently, especially in the Bible and in the writings of Zinzendorf and Lavater; and at the same time he kept working at the subjects of his profession and at poetical compositions. A heartfelt joy was felt by him on the 21st March 1801, at the arrival of his friend Friedrich Schlegel who was held in particular regard by him. They spoke daily with each other about their literary works. Four days thereafter, on the 25th of March, he fell calmly and softly asleep under the melodious sound of the piano, upon which he had asked his brother Carl to play him something,—and he was to awaken here no

more. For in this sleep he died in the presence of his brother and of his friend Schlegel.\*

\* [The close of Novalis's life is described with simplicity and pathos by Tieck, who no doubt drew his information from Friedrich Schlegel. 'The nearer he approached his end, the more confidently did he expect a speedy recovery; for the cough diminished, and, excepting languor, he had no feeling of sickness. With the hope and longing for life, new talent and fresh strength seemed also to awaken in him; he thought with renewed love of all his projected labours; he determined on writing *Ofterdingen* over again from the beginning; and shortly before his death he said on one occasion, 'Never till now did I know what poetry was; innumerable songs and poems, and of quite different stamp from any of my former ones, have arisen in me.' From the 19th of March, the death-day of his Sophie, he became visibly weaker; many of his friends visited him; and he felt great joy when on the 21st, his true and oldest friend, Friedrich Schlegel came to him from Jena. With him he conversed at great length; especially upon their several literary operations. During these days he was very lively; his nights too were quiet; and he enjoyed pretty sound sleep. On the 25th, about six in the morning, he made his brother hand him certain books, that he might look for something; then he ordered breakfast, and talked cheerfully till eight; towards nine he bade his brother play a little on the harpsichord, and in the course of the music fell asleep. Friedrich Schlegel soon afterwards came into the room and found him quietly sleeping; this lasted till near twelve, when, without the smallest motion he passed away, and, unchanged in death, retained his common friendly look as if he yet lived.

'So died,' continues the affectionate biographer, 'before he had completed his twenty-ninth year, this our friend; in whom his extensive acquirements, his philosophical talent and his poetic genius must alike obtain our love and admiration. As he had so far outrun his time our country might



As to the cause of his death, who can say what it was? We can only surmise that his body could no longer produce so much vital force as his too active spirit consumed. His friends mourned for him; and they who knew him most intimately, regard his death as a loss to science and mankind.\*

Novalis was distinguished above all by the strength and vividness of his phantasy. This faculty made it possible for him to apprehend everything easily, to think clearly and distinctly, and to retain all things firmly in his memory. It mingled itself almost in everything he took up. He himself called it the principal element of his existence, and he also confessed that it worked specially upon his view of Religion.

As to his views on Religion, he wrote to me from Freiberg on the 26th December, 1798, thus: 'I am glad that my scattered Thoughts have occupied some of your hours, and that they have been to

have expected extraordinary things from such gifts had this early death not overtaken him; as it is, the unfinished writings he left behind him have already had a wide influence. . . . Without vanity, without learned haughtiness, far from every affectation and hypocrisy, he was a genuine, true man, the purest and loveliest embodiment of a high, immortal spirit.'—Tr.]

\* [The mortal remains of Novalis were buried in the Cemetery of Weissenfels, where a public monument was erected over them in May, 1872.—Tr.]



you what they were to me and still are, the beginnings of interesting trains of thought,—texts for thinking. Many are mere counters and have only a transitory value. On some of them, on the other hand, I have sought to impress the stamp of my inmost conviction. I gladly admit that I believe I regard and judge of Religion very differently from the way in which you do, and that I have entered upon a path which must appear to you exceedingly strange. Nevertheless we are friends, and will be friends; and in this feeling our religions, or rather our theologies, find a meeting point. If friendship, love, morality, and activity is the result of them both, they must indeed be sisters and members of that holy family which is made up of the religions which have had their home among men from of yore, which have shown the most faithful care in fostering all that is good and beautiful, which have preserved virtue and love in their bosom during the wildest times and have everywhere maintained and diffused consolation and hope, courage and contentment. The Religion which is *your* friend, has revealed herself to you through her understanding; as a warm-hearted understanding is the main feature in her character. She has approached *me* through a

warm-hearted phantasy, for this perhaps is the most prominent feature in my peculiar nature. Should not then our manifold diversities and the ultimate principle of our whole human constitution, not be exhibited in this most important relation of all? You hang a child-like devotion on the unchangeable ciphers of a mysterious document, which for thousands of years has filled countless multitudes of men with divine life, and has accompanied your venerable forefathers through a long period as a Palladium,—a document which, except in a few inconceivable words, contains precepts and examples, histories and doctrines, which are in harmony with all that the best and wisest men and our own consciences have more or less clearly recommended and ascertained and found authenticated, as excellent and true. In it further, and above all this, an infinite world appears to vault it over like a heaven and miraculously to open a ravishing prospect into a heavenly future. With what feelings in the heart do you take the Bible, a pledge of immortality, into your hand. How happy must you seem to yourself when you are convinced that you possess in it a Scripture that is more than earthly, an enduring revelation, and that in these pages you lay as

it were firm hold of a guiding hand stretched to you from a higher sphere. Your theology is the theology of the historical and critical understanding which seeks a firm foundation, an irrefragable demonstration, and which finds it in a collection of documents, whose preservation alone appears already to be an authenticating miracle, and for whose credibility all historical evidences concur in speaking along with the heart and the reason. If I stand less upon documentary certainty, less upon the letter, less upon the truth and circumstantiality of history; if I am more inclined to search for higher influences in myself and to break a path of my own into the primal world; if in the history and the doctrines of the Christian religion, I believe that I see the symbolical adumbration of a universal Religion for the world that is capable of every form; if I regard it as the purest model of Religion, as a historical manifestation, and really, therefore, also as the most perfect revelation; if, from this very point of view all theologies seem to me to rest on more or less happily comprehended revelations, and yet all stand together in the most remarkable parallelism with the history of the civilization of mankind, and to arrange themselves peacefully in an ascend-

ing series: then you will not fail to perceive that the most conspicuous element of my existence, which is phantasy, is present in the formation of this view of Religion.'

With every year, Religion always became to him more of a personal need. Thus he wrote in November, 1800, a few months before his death, as follows:—'When bodily unrest does not confuse me, which on the whole does not happen frequently, then my soul is bright and still. Religion is the great Orient in us, which is seldom obscured. Without it I should be unhappy; and thus does everything combine into one great peaceful thought, into one calm eternal faith.'

After Sophie's death he had acquired a liking for the writings of Lavater and Zinzendorf, for Catholic books of edification, and even for the works of Jacob Böhme.\* From this and from some relations of his earlier life, as well as from the high value which he put on æsthetic beauty, it will appear intelligible and pardonable that in some of his *Spiritual Songs* there are passages which one

\* [A full account of the views of Jacob Böhme (usually called *Behmen* by English writers) is given in Pünjer's 'History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion,' Vol. I. (T. & T. Clark, 1887). In the same volume there is an account of Zinzendorf and the Moravians.—Tr.]

would not have expected. But who can read his hymn to Jesus:—

‘O what would I have been without Thee?’

without being inspired with the pious poet to truly Christian feeling and devout sentiments.

His *Spiritual Songs* are only so many parts and fragments of a hymn book which he intended to compose in his last years, along with L. Tieck. The modern hymns appeared to him—and perhaps not wrongly—to be addressed too much to the understanding to have much effect upon the heart. Even in those of Gellert he found too little of the phantasy which, according to him, should pave the way to the heart. If it is thought that he gave too much play to this element, let it not be forgotten that these hymns were his first attempts. After Sophie’s death, as we see from the letter already quoted, and which was written shortly after her loss, faith in God and immortality became to him a personal need.\*

\* [The *Spiritual Songs* of Novalis were read by him to Friedrich Schlegel and Tieck in 1799, and were regarded by them as his most important poetical productions. They are Christian Hymns of great merit and of deep fervent sincerity. They display the genius of the Romantic School in its purest and highest application, and are appropriately ranked with Schleiermacher’s ‘Discourses on Religion,’ as regards their spiritual feeling and enduring worth. They were immediately

To this faith there was afterwards conjoined the belief in Jesus; and now his phantasy and his accepted as popular Christian Hymns in Germany, and still hold a foremost place in the Church Services of both the Lutheran and Moravian Churches. It is related by one of the German Editors, that the father of Novalis heard a wonderfully beautiful hymn sung at a Moravian Service by which he was deeply moved, and on enquiring as to who was the author of it, he received the answer: 'O! do you not know that your own son composed that hymn?' Schleiermacher quoted these Hymns in the pulpit with deep emotion, and through his influence several of them obtained a permanent place in the Berlin Hymn Book. Rothe, the greatest theologian since Schleiermacher, has written a sympathetic and appreciative Essay on 'Novalis as a Religious Poet.' Beyschlag in the Introduction to his Edition of Novalis's Poems, dwells with deep admiration on 'the charm of inward truth' and the spiritual elevation of these remarkable Christian Hymns. Even more striking is the tribute paid to them by Pfleiderer—no friend of the Romantic School or of Pietism—who says: 'Nowhere is there any sweeter or more powerful expression of that warm and hearty inwardness of Protestant Mysticism which manifested itself in pietism, and exercised so precious and salutary an influence on the German people, then stiff and frozen from the hands of Supranaturalists and Rationalists alike, than in the *Spiritual Songs* of Novalis. They are the true Song of Songs of pious love to the Saviour, and express the whole gamut of its feelings from the deepest sorrow to the highest blessedness and joy. He who gave the Protestant Church these Hymns, which belong to the most precious jewels of the religious poetry of all ages, he surely—Romanticism notwithstanding—was a good Evangelical Christian.'—*Philosophy of Religion*, i. 274.

The translator has arranged the *Spiritual Songs* in what he believes to be their true order, for the first time. The first hymn is regarded as an Advent Hymn, in vivid anticipative Christmas imagery, longing and sighing for the Incarna-



æsthetic feeling also allowed him to give a devout side glance to Mary.

His phantasy led him to form a wide and comprehensive idea of poetry. To him all nature was poetical, and in Jacob Böhme he also found high poetry. I could not follow the bold flight which his thoughts here took. Yet anyone initiated into the latest poetry will understand him; and his *Henry of Ofterdingen*—at least so it appears to me—will convey to the competent reader what were his thoughts about poetic art. His friends F. Schlegel and L. Tieck have published his writings under the *nom de plume* of Novalis, which he had assumed.\* We would do him a wrong, however,

tion; and from this point of view the succession will be obvious. All the Hymns have been rendered in accordance with the metres of the Hymns in the German.—TR.]

\* [The 'Writings' of Novalis were published in two volumes by his friends L. Tieck and F. Schlegel. Tieck prefixed his biographical sketch to the third Edition. It contained 1. The Romance entitled 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen,' which remained unfinished; 2. The 'Hymns to Night;' 3. The 'Spiritual Songs;' 4. The 'Scholars at Sais,' a philosophical romance which also remained unfinished; 5. 'Fragments of mixed Content'; and 6. An Appendix of short Poems and Letters. The Fourth Edition (1826) was edited by F. Schlegel, who added the remarkable fragment entitled 'Christendom or Europe,' about which there has been much controversy. Tieck and the two Schlegels advised Novalis not to publish it, and in this they were supported by the judgment of Goethe. It was accordingly laid aside and did not appear till it was

were we to judge them as completed master works, or if we tried to read in them the whole man that he was. He says himself that he cultivated literature only as a school training. Thus he wrote to me in the following terms:—‘Literature is an accessory thing. You judge me more justly by the

inserted in the Fourth Edition by F. Schlegel, who had meanwhile joined the Roman Church. It has been shown by the earnest and well-informed Authoress of ‘Friedrich von Hardenberg,’ that Schlegel omitted or suppressed two important paragraphs towards the close of the Essay, and that these are cardinal as regards Novalis’s real attitude towards the Roman Church. Dr Raich has attempted to vindicate Schlegel, but has given no satisfactory explanation of the omissions. This Fourth Edition was used by Carlyle. The Essay was withdrawn by Tieck from the Fifth Edition. In addition to these two Volumes, a third Volume was published in 1846, by Tieck, and Ed. v. Bülow. It contains a Preface by Tieck (who was then in his 73rd year), the biographical sketch by Just, more than 600 additional ‘Fragments,’ Extracts from Novalis’s last Diary, Miscellaneous Poems, etc. The works referred to in the Note at page xx, *supra*, also contain some scattered matter.

Hardly any posthumous works have been so imperfectly edited as those of Novalis, notwithstanding the literary reputation of the Editors. The Fragments in particular, are printed in the most chaotic and accidental way,—a ‘*rudis indigestaque moles*.’ None of this disorder is due to the character or habit of Novalis’s thought, which was essentially logical, as Just says; it is due only to the carelessness of his Editors, and it has had an unfavourable influence upon his reputation. The *Thoughts on Religion* which form the third part of this translation, have had to be culled from all the works referred to, and they are now arranged in some order for the first time.—TR.]



main matter, which is practical life. If I am indeed good, useful, active, loving and faithful, then you may apply any hard expression as to what is useless and unbeneficial in my regard. The writings of undistinguished men are harmless, for they are little read and are soon forgotten. I regard my literary efforts merely as a means of discipline. I thus learn to examine and reflect upon some things carefully,—and this is all that I desire from it. If the approbation of a sensible friend comes in addition to this, my expectation is exceeded. According to my view, we must rise through many stages before we attain perfect culture ; as writers we have to become for a time tutors, professors and artisans.'

His lively Phantasy was accompanied with a calm Reason. How otherwise would he have had the desire and the power to explore the depths of speculative philosophy? But its study was to him not an end but only a means. He set limits to speculation, and Jacobi's letter to Fichte on this subject spake out his own feelings. 'Philosophy,'—thus wrote Jacobi in February 1800—'now rests so far as I am concerned only on the book-shelves. I am glad that I have crossed these mountain peaks of the pure Reason, and that I dwell again

with body and soul in the varied quickening land of the senses. My remembrance of the toils and troubles I have undergone, makes me glad. It belongs to the apprentice years of training. Exercise of acuteness and reflection, are indispensable. We must take care not to forget the authors in the mere study of grammar, nor magnitudes in mere play with letters. One may esteem philosophy highly without having it as his housekeeper, and living only by it. Mathematics alone will not make a soldier or a mechanic ; nor will philosophy alone make a man.'

And it was a *man* in the noblest sense of the term, that Novalis wished to be. His calm reason led his judgment to candour and impartiality. He entirely distinguished the writer from the man, and the friend from both. The severest criticisms on an author did not shock him ; but he could not conceal his disapproval when the man was attacked in the author. Thus in the whole collection of recent Epigrams, there were only two of which he disapproved, because they depreciated the moral worth of the writer. The well-known drama of Kotzebue, in which his intimate friend Friedrich Schlegel was so keenly scourged, did not excite any ill-feeling in him, because it was only one

writer satirizing another, and Schlegel had first thrown down the glove. In like manner he admired Schlegel's *Lucinde* as a work of art, but would have blushed to give it into the hand of a modest maiden. Heartfelt sentiment was a principal constituent of his character. It was so deeply woven into his whole nature that one could not think of him at all without it. It gave value to his phantasy and reason, and individuality to himself. But his phantasy, as he expressed it, was a phantasy of the heart; and in like manner, the sentiment of his heart was a rational sentimentality. So it speaks still out of his writings and his letters. It revealed itself especially in his Religion. It was also manifested in his deep attachment to parents, brothers and sisters, his loved ones, and his friends; and it was shown in the taste which he had for domestic happiness, and for the quiet enjoyment of the society of friends. With all this he was so entirely without pretension, and so free from self-assertion that he appeared in these respects likewise to be formed for love and friendship.

In his intercourse with strangers or in large mixed societies, he was often silent for hours, although he was at the same time an attentive

observer of all that passed around him. He was only the more eloquent, however, in the confidential circle. It was usually a personal need that he should have the opportunity of pouring himself forth in speech. One could listen to him for whole evenings, and not become tired of hearing him; for he was able to give an interest to the commonest subjects. How visibly on such occasions did his friends see the richness of his phantasy, the acuteness of his reason, the fervour of his sentiment. He readily bore contradiction and never showed any ill-feeling at it. If he had given utterance to a paradoxical proposition, he would not give it up, but would even play the sophist in maintaining it. His figure was tall, well-built, and thin. His eye betrayed thought, his mouth friendliness. His exterior was simple and plain; all ornamentation was contrary to his nature.

As he himself said, he lived gladly in the realm of the senses, but not in what was sensuous; for his inward nature was the guide of his outer life. And thus he created for himself an invisible world within the visible world. This was the land for which he yearned. And thither, his life so early over, he has gone home.

HYMNS TO NIGHT,  
SPIRITUAL SONGS,  
AND  
THOUGHTS ON RELIGION  
BY  
NOVALIS.

*Translated from the German.*



Hymns to Night.

‘These *Hymns to the Night*, were written shortly after the death of his mistress : in that period of deep sorrow, or rather of holy deliverance from sorrow. Novalis himself regarded them as his most finished productions. They are of a strange, veiled, almost enigmatical character ; nevertheless, more deeply examined, they appear nowise without true poetic worth ; there is a vastness, an immensity of idea ; a still solemnity reigns in them, a solitude almost as of extinct worlds. Here and there too some light-beam visits us in the void deep ; and we cast a glance, clear and wondrous, into the secrets of that mysterious soul. A full commentary on the *Hymns to the Night* would be an exposition of Novalis’s whole theological and moral creed ; for it lies recorded there, though symbolically, and in lyric, not in didactic language.

‘Naturally a deep, religious, contemplative spirit ; purified also, as we have seen, by harsh affliction, and familiar in the “Sanctuary of Sorrow,” he comes before us as the most ideal of all Idealists.’—CARLYLE.

‘Why do the *Hymns to Night* so peculiarly lay hold of the soul of the reader ? It is because they shew the transformation of the poet into a Christian. In these Hymns his deepest sorrow appears transfigured by a higher than earthly splendour.’—SOPHIE VON HARDENBERG.

‘The *Hymns to Night*, those profoundly sorrowful strains of rapturous lamentation and of fervent pain, can be compared with nothing that our classical poetry has produced.’—HAYM.



## Symms to Night.

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### I.

WHO is there living and endowed with thought who loves not above all the wonders that appear spread out in space around him, the all gladdening Light, with its colours, its rays and billows, and its mild omnipresence as wakening day? As the inmost soul of life, it is breathed by the giant world of the restless stars, which swim and dance in its azure flood. It is breathed by the sparkling stone in its eternal rest, by the pensive absorbent plant, and by the wild burning many-shaped beast. But above all it is breathed by the glorious stranger with the thoughtful eyes, the hovering march and the tenderly closed musical lips. As a king of earthly nature, the Light calls

forth every power to numberless transformations ; it joins and unlooses infinite covenants ; it hangs its heavenly form round every being of earth. Its presence alone reveals the marvellous glory of the kingdoms of the world.

Yet away I turn myself to the holy, ineffable, mysterious Night. Afar lies the world sunk in a deep vault below ; desert and solitary is its place. Deep sadness breathes through the chords of the breast. In drops of dew will I sink down and mingle with the dust. The depths of memory, the wishes of youth, the dreams of childhood, the short joys and vain hopes of the whole span of life, come forth in gray robes, like the evening mist after the setting of the sun. In other regions of space Light hath pitched his cheerful tents. What if he should never come again to his children who wait for him with the faith of innocence ?

And now what springs there up at once so full of presentiment beneath the heart, and

swallows up the soft air of sadness? Dost thou also take pleasure in us, dusky Night? What hidest thou under thy mantle, that comes invisibly but in strength to the soul? Precious balsam drips from thy hand, from the bunch of poppies it holds. Thou raisest again the heavy wings of the soul. Darkly and unutterably we feel ourselves moved. Gladly terrified I behold an earnest face which bends to me softly and devoutly, and beneath infinitely tangled locks it shows a Mother's dear youth.

How poor and childish does the light seem to me now! How gladdening and blessed the departure of day!—Is it only because the Night draws thy servants away that thou didst sow in the wide fields of space, the gleaming spheres to announce, during the hours of thy absence, thy omnipotence and thy return? More heavenly still than those flashing orbs, seem to us the infinite eyes which Night hath opened within us. They see farther than the palest of those

numberless hosts ; unneedful of the light, they glance through the depths of a loving heart which fills a higher space with unutterable delight. Praised then be the Queen of the world, the high revealer of holy worlds, the guardian of blissful love !

## II.

MUST the morning always come again? Will the power of the earthly never end? Unblest activity consumes the heavenly flow of the night. Will love's mystic sacrifice never burn for aye? For the Light its time was measured out ; but timeless and spaceless is the reign of Night.—Eternal is the duration of sleep. O sacred sleep ! do not send thy joy too seldom to those who are consecrated to Night, amid this work of the earthly day. It is only fools who misunderstand thee and know of no sleep but the shadow which, in this glimmering of the real night, thou dost

throw in pity upon us. They feel thee not in the golden flood of the grapes, in the brown juice of the poppy, nor in wondrous oil of the almond tree. They know not that it is thou who dost hover around the breast of the tender maiden and makest her bosom a heaven. Nor do they divine how, opening thy heavenly gate, thou dost come out of ancient story, and bring with thee the key of the dwellings of the blessed, a silent messenger of infinite Mysteries.

## III.

ONCE when I was shedding bitter tears, when dissolved in pain my hope had melted away, and I stood solitary on the bare mound which hid in its dark narrow space the form of my life: solitary as no hermit had ever been, driven by unutterable anguish, powerless, but with one thought of misery yet left:—as there I looked around for help, nor could go forward nor back-

ward, yet clung with infinite longing to the fitting deadened life :—then there came from the azure depths, from the heights of my old blessedness, a thrill of twilight, and at once the band of birth, the fetter of light was severed. Away fled the earthly glory, and with it my sorrow. All sadness was gathered into a new unfathomable world ; and thou, night's inspiration, heavenly Slumber, camest over me. The scene rose gently aloft, and over the sea hovered my unbound newborn spirit. That mound of earth became a dust-cloud, and through the cloud I beheld the transfigured features of my beloved. In her eyes, eternity reposed ; I clasped her hands and my tears became glittering links of an indissoluble chain. Thousands of years moved away into the distance like thunder clouds. On her neck I wept tears that gave the new life rapture. It was my first and only dream ; and ever since do I feel eternal and unchangeable faith in the heaven of Night, and its light, my Beloved.

## IV.

I now know when the last morning will come : when light shall no more scare away the night and love, when slumber shall be eternal, and but one inexhaustible dream. I feel a heavenly weariness within me. The pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre seemed far and exhausting, and the cross was becoming oppressive. The crystal rill which, unperceived by the common sense, drips in the dark bosom of the hill, breaks forth at its foot in the earthly stream ; and whoever has tasted it and hath stood on high on the ridge that bounds the world and looked over into the new land, into the abode of Night : he surely returns no more to the bustle and toil of the world, or to the land where light dwells in eternal unrest.

High up he builds himself his tabernacles—tabernacles of peace—and longs and loves and looks away till the most perfect of all hours draws

him to the fountain of the stream. The earthly swims up again borne back by the storm ; but what had become sacred from the contact of love, dissolves, and flows through secret channels to the region beyond, where like subtle odours, it mingles with the loved ones in their sleep. Once more dost thou, cheerful Light, awaken the weary to toil, and breathe in me glad life again ; yet thou wilt not allure me away from memory and its mossy gravestone. Gladly will I touch the diligent hands, and look around wherever thou needest me ; I will laud the full magnificence of thy splendour ; unwearied I will pursue the beautiful connections of thy artful work. Gladly will I contemplate the mystic march of thy powerful gleaming recorder of time, and I will explore the equilibrium of the universal forces, and the rules of the wondrous play of numberless spaces and their times. Yet my secret heart remains faithful to Night, and to her daughter creative Love. Canst thou show me a heart that is for ever true ?



Has thy sun friendly eyes that can know me?  
Do thy stars grasp my longing hand? Do they  
press me tenderly and give me a fondling word in  
return? Hast thou adorned them with colours  
and delicate outline, or was it she who gave a  
higher and dearer meaning to thy charms? What  
pleasure, what joy does thy life offer to outweigh  
the raptures of Death? Does not everything that  
inspires us wear the colour of Night? It is she  
who bears thee in a motherly arm, and to her all  
thy glory is due. Thou wouldst vanish in thy-  
self, thou wouldst perish in endless space, did she  
not hold thee, did she not bind thee so that thou  
mightest become warm and, flaming forth, produce  
the world. Verily I was before thou wert: the  
Mother of all sent me with my companions to  
inhabit thy world and to sanctify it with love,  
so that it might become a monument to be eter-  
nally beheld; she hath sent us to plant it with  
unfading flowers. As yet they have ripened not,  
these divine thoughts; the traces of our revelation

are still but few. The shadow on thy dial will yet show the end of time when thou shalt become like one of us ; and when full of longing and fervour, thou shalt be quenched and die. Within me I feel the end of thy activity : I feel heavenly freedom, blissful return. In wild pangs I recognise thy distance from our home, thy antagonism to the old glorious heaven. Thy raging and thy tossing is in vain. Unconsumable stands the Cross, the banner of the victory of our race.

My heart is swelling,  
And every pain  
Feels now indwelling  
Joy's pulse again ;  
A short time flying,  
Then free I'll rest,  
In rapture lying  
On Love's own breast ;

An infinite living  
    Wakes mighty in me,  
I'm looking and giving  
    Myself down to thee.  
On yon earth upheavèd  
    Thy splendours fade,  
The garland they weavèd  
    Gives cooling shade.  
O come, my Belovèd,  
    And clasp me with might,  
That I with love soothèd  
    May slumber the night.  
I feel in hot-fever  
    Death's youth-giving flood  
To balsam and ether  
    Transformed is my blood.

With heart full of faith new,  
I live while days flow ;  
And die all the night through,  
In holier glow.

## V.

OVER the far scattered races of men there ruled  
from of yore an iron fate with dumb power. A  
dark, heavy bond lay upon their anxious souls.  
Infinite was the earth : it was the abode of the  
gods and their home. From eternities its my-  
sterious structure had stood. Over the crimson  
hills of the morning, in the sacred bosom of the  
sea, dwelt the sun, the all-kindling, living light.  
An old giant bore up the world of the blessed.  
Fast immured under mountains lay the primeval  
sons of Mother-earth, powerless in their destruc-  
tive rage against the new glorious race of gods  
and their kin, gladsome men. The dim green

depth of the sea was the bosom of a goddess. In the crystal grottos there revelled a wanton brood. Rivers, trees, flowers, and beasts had human sense. Sweeter tasted the wine when it was poured by the visible fulness of youth. There was a god in the grapes ; and a loving motherly goddess grew forth to the day in the full golden sheaves. Love's holy rapture was a sweet service of the fairest of the goddesses. An eternally varied festival of the children of heaven and the dwellers of earth, intoxicated life through the centuries like a spring-tide. All the generations in child-like simplicity, worshipped the tender thousand-formed flame as what was highest in the world. Only there was one thought, one terrible vision :—

And its dread form amid gay revels showing,  
Would sudden fill their souls with horror wild ;  
Nor means had all the gods within their knowing,  
To still men's anxious breasts with comfort mild ;

Mysterious ill the spectre aye went sowing ;  
Nor prayer subdued his rage, nor gift beguiled ;  
For it was DEATH who all their merry cheers  
Suppressed with pain and anguish and hot tears.

And parted then from everything for ever  
That stirred the heart in sweetest joy below ;  
From those beloved the most, compelled to sever,  
Whose life was but vain yearning and long  
woe ;  
And to the dead the dull dream ending never,  
Seemed but a feebler striving when laid low ;  
A wave all shattered was enjoyment fair,  
Upon the rock of infinite despair.

With souls emboldened and high glowing breast,  
Man sought to beautify the mask of dying ;  
And gentle youths put out the light and rest,  
Their end as gentle as a harp's low sighing ;

‘And memory melts ’mong shady waves’ cool  
crests,’

So ran the song, their sad behoof belying ;  
For all unfathomed was the eternal Night,  
The awful symbol of a far-off Might.

At length the old world was verging to its end.  
The pleasure garden of the young race withered,  
and the unchild-like, growing men strove upwards  
towards the waste realm of space. The gods vanished  
with their train. Nature then stood solitary  
and lifeless. In iron chains she bound dry number  
and rigid measure. The boundless blossomings of  
life fell down into dim words, as into dust and vapours.  
Fled was conjuring faith and phantasy,  
the all-transforming, all-wedding heavenly companion.  
A cold north wind blew unfriendly over  
the stiffened plains, and the home of wonder fled  
chilled into the ether. The far spaces of the  
heavens became filled with gleaming worlds. Into

the deeper sanctuary, into the higher region of spirit, entered the soul of the world with its powers, there to rule till the inbreak of the abiding glory of the world. The light was no more the abode of the gods and a heavenly sign; and around about them, they threw the veil of night. Night became the mighty bosom of revelations; into it the gods returned; and they sank into sleep that they might march forth again in new and more glorious forms over the changed world. Among the people which was despised by all, which was too early ripe, and which had become proudly estranged from the blessed innocence of youth, the new world appeared with a face unseen before. In the poverty and poetry of a lowly dwelling, appeared a son of the first virgin and mother: the infinite offspring of mysterious embrace. The deep divining fertile wisdom of the East first recognised the beginning of the new time, and a star showed it the way to the humble cradle of the King. In the name of the far future they paid



their homage to Him with splendour and odours, the highest wonders of nature. The heavenly heart unfolded itself in solitude, into a blossom of almighty Love, turned towards the high countenance of the Father and resting on the blissfully presentient bosom of the lovely earnest mother. With divining fervour the prophetic eye of the growing Child gazed upon the days of the future, in harmony with His loved ones, the offshoots of His divine race, unconcerned about the earthly fate of His days. Soon the most child-like souls gathered around Him wondrously held by the inward power of love. A new strange life sprang up like flowers in His surroundings. Inexhaustible words and the gladdest of tidings fell, like the sparks of a divine spirit, from His friendly lips. From a far coast—born under the cheerful sky of Hellas—a poet came to Palestine and poured forth his whole heart to the marvellous Child :—

Thou art the Youth who all these years hath  
stood,  
In thought inclined o'er graves of mortals sinning ;  
A sign of comfort in dark solitude,  
And of a higher manhood's glad beginning ;  
And what did sink us in our saddest mood,  
Now draws us sweetly forth to higher winning ;  
In death the eternal Life is shewn forth plain,  
Thou art the Death that makes us whole again.

The poet full of joyfulness passed to India.  
His heart was intoxicated by sweet love, and he  
poured it forth in fiery hymns under that mild  
sky, so that thousands of hearts bent to him, and  
the glad tidings took root and shot forth a  
thousand branches. Soon after the poet's departure,  
the precious Life became the victim of deep  
human depravity and was sacrificed. He died  
young in years, torn away from the world He

loved, from His weeping mother and His trembling friends. Those loved lips drained the dark cup of unutterable sufferings. In terrible anguish, the hour of the birth of the new world drew near. He struggled hard with the terrors of old death, and the burdens of the old world lay heavy upon Him. Yet again He looked with a kindly glance to His mother, and then the loosening hand of Eternal Love came, and He slept. For a few days there hung a deep veil over the foaming sea, and over the quaking land. The beloved ones wept countless tears. The mystery was unsealed; and heavenly spirits rolled the old, old stone from the dark grave. Angels sat by Him as He slept, shaped in tender forms from His dreams. Awakened in new Divine glory, He ascended the heights of the new-born world. With His own hand He buried the old body in the tomb He had left; and then His Almighty Hand laid upon it the stone which no power shall ever remove.

Thy dear ones still weep tears of joy, tears of

affection and of infinite gratitude, by Thy grave. Ever and ever again, joyously terrified, they see Thee rise from the dead, and see themselves with Thee. They see Thee weeping with a sweet fervour on the blessed bosom of Thy mother ; they see Thee walk in earnest speech with Thy friends ; and they hear Thee speaking words that seem as if they had been broken from the tree of life. They see Thee hasten with fullest longing into the Father's arms, bringing with Thee the young humanity and the inexhaustible cup of the golden future. Soon Thy mother hastened after Thee in heavenly triumph ; she was the first to be with Thee in the new home. Long ages have flown since then, and in ever higher splendour Thy new creation has unfolded itself. Thousands have gone from pain and torture to Thee, full of faith and longing and faithfulness ; and with Thee and the heavenly Virgin, they roam in the kingdom of love. They serve in the Temple of heavenly death ; and they are Thine for evermore.

The stone is rolled away,  
Humanity is risen ;  
We all are Thine for aye,  
Now freed from bonds of prison ;  
The bitterest sorrow flees  
Before Thy chalice golden ;  
And life and earth find peace,  
In Thy Last Supper holden.

Death sounds his bridal call ;  
The lamps are brightly flaring ;  
The virgins stand preparing,  
With oil in full for all ;  
Now on the ear comes falling  
The far march of Thy train ;  
And all the stars are calling,  
With human tongues again.

To Thee, O Virgin, rising,  
A thousand hearts foreknown  
This shadowy life despising,  
Have longed for Thee alone.  
They hope for gracious healing,  
With joy now fully guessed ;  
If Thou, with holy feeling,  
Wilt press them to Thy breast.

And many once consuming,  
Life's strength in bitter dole,  
From all the world's presuming,  
To Thee have turned the soul.  
And they to us appearing,  
With help in pain and care,  
Have drawn us upward, nearing  
The eternal world that's there.

Now weep in pain no longer,  
O'er any grave beloved ;  
By loving Faith made stronger,  
And Love ne'er to be moved ;  
This gift no robber taking,  
Shall mar Night's soothing charm ;  
And Heaven's own Angels waking,  
Shall guard the heart from harm.

O joy, that Life is hasting  
To endless life above ;  
Now larger longings tasting,  
With sense transformed in love.  
The starry world melts flowing  
Into life's golden wine,  
To feed our souls aglowing,  
Till we as starlight shine.

And Love is freely given ;

Nor is there parting more ;

The full life rolls in Heav'n,

A sea without a shore !

One night of bliss unending ;

One everlasting Hymn !

While God's face o'er us bending

Shines sunlike, never dim.



## VI.

## LONGING FOR DEATH.

Down into Earth's dark bosom, down !

From realms of Light departing ;

The sting of pain, wild tortured frown,

Are signs of happy starting ;

The narrow boat will bear us o'er,

Swift to the further heavenly shore.

Eternal Night ! then praised be thou !

Be praised, eternal Slumber ;

The day has made us warm ; pale now

Press cares we cannot number ;

No more 'tis joy abroad to roam,

We rise to seek the Father's home.

What seek we in this world below,  
With all our care and duty ?  
The old is worthless, let it go !  
How shall the new bring beauty ?  
O sad, forlorn, and out of time,  
Who warmly love the golden Prime.

The golden Prime, when senses light,  
In upward flames were glowing ;  
When men the Father's hand and sight  
Felt, His own presence knowing ;  
When high and simple thought was rife,  
And time showed forth the perfect life.

The golden Prime, when blossom'd full  
The primal races flourished ;  
And children tried in Death's pained school,  
The Heavenly vision cherished ;  
And though Life joyous accents spake,  
Yet many a heart for love would break.

The golden Prime, when glowing young,  
    God came Himself revealing ;  
In sweet love-life went men among,  
    And died young for their healing ;  
Nor drove he pain and grief away,  
That He might dearer with us stay.

Restless, the golden Prime we see  
    In Night's dark shade enveloped ;  
Nor stilled our burning thirst will be  
    By all in time developed ;  
But we to home must also go,  
To see that holy Season's flow.

What still keeps back our late return ?  
    The dear ones long are waiting ;  
Their graves shut in life's utmost bourne,  
    And all is sad and sating ;  
Naught's left for us to seek again ;  
The heart is worn, the world is vain.

The Infinite, the Mystery,  
Streams through us sweetly thrilling ;  
As if there came from far on high,  
Our grief's own echo, stilling ;  
The loved ones surely longing too,  
Have sighed and yearned for us anew.

Down to the soul's own sweetest Bride,  
To Jesus, the Beloved !  
Rejoice ! the evening glimmers wide,  
To hearts by sorrow proved ;  
A dream breaks all our bonds apart,  
And sinks us in the Father's heart !

# Spiritual Songs.

‘As a Poet, Novalis is no less Idealistic than as a Philosopher. His poems are breathings of a high, devout soul, feeling always that here he has no home, but looking, as in clear vision, to a “city that hath foundations.” He loves External Nature with a singular depth; nay, we might say, he reverences her, and holds unspeakable communings with her: for Nature is no longer dead, hostile Matter, but the veil and mysterious Garment of the Unseen; as it were, the Voice with which the Deity proclaims Himself to man. These two qualities—his pure religious temper, and heart-felt love of Nature—bring him into true poetic relation both with the Spiritual and the Material World, and perhaps constitute his chief worth as a Poet.’—CARLYLE.

‘We know the pathos of the lyrical poetry of Novalis already from the *Hymns to Night*. The inspiration of pain which predominates in these Hymns, is separated only by a transient boundary from the feeling of sympathy, from the religious joy, the blessed peace, and the infinite consolation, which forms the ground-tone of the Spiritual Songs.’—HATM.

‘Novalis is the type of a modern religious Poet, and even of a Christian life that will only attain its full realisation in the future.’—ROTHER.

## Spiritual Songs.

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### I.

Where, world's Consoler, stay'st Thou still ?  
Long waits the room which Thou must fill.  
All things desireful watch for Thee,  
All yearning for Thy blessing free.

O Father, send Him forth with power ;  
Give from Thy hand this richest dower ;  
But pureness, love and shame divine  
Have long kept back this Child of Thine.

O lay Him now into our arm,  
Still from Thy heavenly breathing warm ;  
In dim clouds softly gather'd round,  
Now let Him here below be found.

In cooling streams, or sparkling dew,  
Or flaming fire, let Him burst through ;  
In light and dew, in sound and breeze,  
Shed through Earth's frame its great release.

So shall the sacred fight be fought ;  
So shall Hell's rage be brought to nought ;  
So shall, as flowers eternal burn,  
The long lost Paradise return.

The Earth bestirred buds green again ;  
The Spirit strong makes all things strain  
The welcome Saviour to receive,  
While all hearts bowed to Him believe.



The winter wanes ; a new year nigh  
Stands by his crib, an Altar High ;  
It is the whole world's first New Year,  
That with this Child doth now appear.

Dim eyes behold the Saviour true,  
The Saviour lights those eyes anew ;  
His head the fairest flowers adorn,  
From which He shines like smiling morn.

He is the Star ; He is the Sun ;  
The Fount whence streams eternal run ;  
From herb and stone and sea and light,  
Shines forth His radiant vision bright.

Through all things gleams His infant play ;  
Such warm young love will ne'er decay ;  
He twines Himself, unconscious, blest,  
With Infinite power, to every breast.

A God for us : Himself a child,  
Whose heart loves all, divinely mild,  
Becomes our food, our drink, our dress ;  
His dearest thanks our faithfulness.

Earth's misery groweth more and more,  
And gloomy griefs oppress us sore ;  
O Father, let Thy loved One go,  
And see Him live with us below !

## II.

Far in East the dawn is glowing,  
Gray old times becoming young ;  
From Light's radiant fountain flowing,  
Streaks of glory bright are flung :  
Ancient yearnings, holy adumbration,  
Finding Love's divine transfiguration.

Down at last to Earth descending,  
Comes Heav'n's own all-blessed Child ;  
Breezes blown from pure skies bending,  
Breathe round Earth a music mild :  
Breathing fan to new eternal splendour  
Life's long hidden spark in brighter wonder.

From deep vaults illumined never,  
Springs new Life in leaf and bud ;  
Since He, bringing peace for ever,  
Plunged into Life's foaming flood ;  
Now His hands are stretch'd forth full and pressing,  
Lovingly to all who ask His blessing.

Let His glances, mild and gracious,  
Deeply sink into thy soul ;  
And His joy, eternal, precious,  
Over thee shall ever roll ;  
All hearts and thoughts, with all their sense and  
willing,  
Shall then begin to joy in Life's fulfilling.

Boldly seize those hands appealing,  
By His radiant face be won ;  
Turn to Him with all thy feeling,  
Like the flower toward the sun ;  
If but to Him thou turn'st, thy whole heart showing,  
He'll prove thy faithful bride, His Heart bestowing.

New Power divine to us is given,

Godhead which us oft dismayed

From south to north, the germs of Heaven

Divinely waked, are full display'd ;

So let us now in God's own garden growing,

Wait faithful till each bud's eternal blowing.

## III.

If only I have Him,  
    If He is but mine,  
If on even to the grave's dark brim,  
    My heart's faith I ne'er resign ;  
Naught I'll know of sadness,  
Feeling only worship, love and gladness.

If only I have Him,  
    I'll all else let go ;  
Following the pilgrim's pathway dim,  
    I my Lord alone will know ;  
I'll leave all others still,  
To tread the broad, full, garish road at will.

If only I have Him,  
Glad I'll fall asleep ;  
And like a sweet eternal hymn,  
Still His Love shall o'er me sweep ;  
And with soft compelling,  
Shall my soothed soul be made Love's dwelling.

If only I have Him,  
The world too I gain ;  
Blest as the gladsome hands that trim,  
And that hold the bridal train ;  
While new glories brighten,  
No earth's terrors now my soul can frighten.

If only I have Him,  
He's my fatherland ;  
And every gift with golden rim,  
Comes bright gleaming, free to hand ;  
Friends lost and lov'd so fain,  
In His own followers I find again.

## IV.

Weeping, now for ever weeping,

I must live my sorrow keeping ;

Oh that He would yet appear !

Shall thus ever holy sadness,

Pain and grief, destroy all gladness ?

Come, then, Death and dry my tear.

Ever still I see Him dying,

Always watch Him suffering, sighing,

Ah ! this heart will also break !

These eyes are still the world beholding,

Yet their tears no measure holding,

Dim all joy for His dear sake.



Are not all hearts sorrow-broken ?  
Shall His name no more be spoken ?  
Is the world's whole being fled ?  
Him are my eyes no more perceiving,  
No life and love from Him receiving ?  
Is He now for ever dead ?

Dead ? Is this the hope of ages ?  
O come, tell me now, ye sages,  
Tell me what it all can mean ?  
He is dumb,—and no replying  
Comes on earth to all my crying,  
No one tells where He is seen.

Him I can no more discover ;  
Ne'er my heart shall joy recover ;  
All is now a gloomy dream ;  
My spirit died with Him when dying ;  
Would that I were with Him lying,  
Peaceful, where no day-stars gleam.

Thou, of Him and me the Father,  
Let Thy hand to Him now gather  
Our remains in one sad tomb ;  
Soon shall grass be o'er us waving,  
Soon the wind be o'er us raving,  
And decay our forms consume.

If they knew His love's excelling,  
All men would of Christ be telling,  
And all else they would let go ;  
All would feel that love supremest,  
Weep with me till life's extremest,  
And would sink in bitter woe.

## V.

The heart is sad and troubled ;

    The times are full of dread ;

In distant shadows doubled,

    Dim spectres gather head.

Wild terrors slowly creeping,

    Their horrid shapes unroll ;

Black nights that scare all sleeping,

    Oppress the burdened soul.

Ali sure supports all falling ;

    Nor finds life trust or stay ;

Mad whirling thoughts appalling,

    No more the will obey.

And frenzy's stare resistless,  
Bids every voice be dumb ;  
The pulse of life sinks listless,  
And every sense is numb.

Who has that cross upraisèd,  
To comfort every heart ?  
Who dwells in Heaven, all-praisèd,  
To help our grief and smart ?

Go to that sign of wonder ;  
Nor vain your yearning deem ;  
Its light the clouds will sunder,  
And scare that troubled dream.

An Angel-form descending,  
Holds forth a saving hand ;  
Now in full joyance bending,  
Thou see'st the Promised Land.

## VI.

To all I tell that still He lives,  
And now is risen again ;  
He in our midst His presence gives,  
And with us will remain.

I tell't to every one, who tells  
It to his friends anew,  
That in our midst for ever dwells  
The Heavenly Kingdom true.

And now the world to sense renew'd,  
Appears our Fatherland ;  
Each soul a new life takes, imbued  
With rapture, from His hand

And down into the salt sea now,  
Hath sunk Death's form of fear ;  
And all with calm unclouded brow,  
May watch life's close draw near.

The darksome way which He hath trod,  
Leads up to Heaven's own gate ;  
All reach the Father's blest abode,  
Who on His counsel wait.

Now weep no more in sorrow here,  
When some loved eyelids close ;  
Reunion in the higher sphere,  
Will sweeten all life's woes.

And now for every noble deed,  
Each heart may freshly glow ;  
For gloriously such living seed,  
In fairer fields will grow.

He lives, and now with us will stay,  
    Though others all forsake ;  
And so to us this Easter day  
    The world anew doth make.

## VII.

I know not what would still be wanting,  
Did I possess His love divine ;  
If He to me this joy were granting,  
That I were His and He were mine.

I see so many wandering vainly,  
Who search with wild distorted face ;  
Themselves the prudent deem, yet plainly  
Of life's true treasure find no trace.

One dreams he seized it ; naught availeth ;  
For all he grasps is only gold ;  
Another round the whole world saileth,  
His fame but breath when all is told



And this one seeks a wreath of laurel,  
Another would be victor crown'd;  
Each one pursues an empty bauble,  
Mere glittering nothings only found.

Has He not brought the love expected?  
Have ye forgot who died for you?  
Who gave His life, despised, rejected,  
By bitter sorrow provèd true?

Have ye then naught of Him been reading?  
Nor yet a word of Him have learned?  
His heavenly life, His holy pleading,  
And all the good for us He earned?

How He came down, Heaven's own best token,  
The fairest mother's lofty child?  
What words of truth by Him were spoken,  
How many felt His healing mild?

How He, such love in Him abounding,  
Gave all Himself for us away?  
And laid Him down in earth, thus founding  
God's Holy City, once for aye?

Are not these words glad tidings bringing?  
Is such a One not good and true?  
Are not ye all doors open flinging,  
For Him who trod the abyss for you?

And do ye not give up all, willing,  
Glad to renounce each wish beside;  
Your hearts with all His dear love filling;  
If His own grace within abide?

O take Thou me, Thou Lord of blessing,  
Thou art my life, my world, my all;  
Though naught of this wide earth possessing,  
I know thou'lt save whate'er befall.

The lost Thy love restores unending,  
Faithful to all Eternity ;  
The heavens worship rapt and bending,  
And yet Thou dwell'st in love with me.

## VIII.

If all were faithless proving,  
    Yet faithful I'll remain ;  
That gratitude unmoving,  
    Ne'er die on earth again ;  
For me those nails were driven,  
    In pain Thou died'st for me ;  
And so with joy I've given  
    My heart for aye to Thee.

Oft I go bitter weeping,  
    That Thou in pain hast died ;  
While those Thou lov'dst are sleeping,  
    Nor have Thy love descried ;  
Thy love alone constraining,  
    Thy great work Thou hast done ;  
No fame wert Thou here gaining,  
    Yet no one thinks thereon.

Thou stand'st with love o'erflowing,  
Still faithful each one near ;  
Thy faithfulness still showing,  
Though faithless all appear ;  
Yet faithful love victorious,  
At last is felt by all ;  
And at Thy feet more glorious,  
Shall sin's sad children fall.

And now that I have found Thee,  
O leave me not again ;  
Let all the love that bound me  
To Thee, for aye remain ;  
And yet may all high thinking  
Look heavenward for its rest,  
Men, brothers, in love sinking,  
And falling on Thy breast.

## IX.

Of the thousand hours of gladness,  
Which I found amid life's sadness,  
    One doth still supreme abide ;  
One 'mid thousand sorrows glowing,  
Taught my heart its highest knowing :  
    Who for us hath lived and died.

All my world was broken lying ;  
As from gnawing canker dying,  
    Heart and blossom pined away ;  
All my life's possessions cherished  
Every wish in dust had perished,  
    But to torture came the day.

As I thus in silence sicken'd,  
Long'd for death as sorrows thicken'd,  
And but stay'd from frantic fear ;  
Then on sudden as from Heaven,  
The stone from off the grave was riven,  
And all within was bright and clear.

Whom I saw, and whom beholden  
By His side in vision golden,  
Ask not : for it still I see ;  
But of all life's hours of joyance,  
That hour shall from all destroyance,  
Ever fair and open be.

## X.

Who in his chamber, sad and lonely,  
Sits pouring forth the bitter tear :  
To whom when life brings sorrow only,  
All things around bedimmed appear ;

Who back through forms of vanished pleasure,  
As down a deep abyss doth gaze,  
Down which a sadness without measure  
Draws him with sweet and strange amaze :

It is as if vast riches, wondrous,  
Lay heaped and locked for him below,  
And he did grasp their old key pond'rous,  
With breathless breast and all aglow.



The future lies before him dreary,  
A slow and horror-waking form ;  
He roams around alone and weary,  
And seeks himself through inward storm.

I fall into his arms bewailing,  
And say, 'Such heart as thine was mine ;'  
But I was heal'd from all my ailing,  
And now know where is rest Divine.

Thou too must find the world's Consoler,  
Who deepest loved and bore and died ;  
Who died with joy, Death's great Controller,  
For those who ev'n His love deride.

He died ; yet with each day's appearing,  
His love and He arise anew ;  
And everywhere canst thou Him near  
Find comfort in His arms so true.

From Him will come new blood and living,  
New breath be breath'd in thy dead frame ;  
And if thy heart to Him thou'rt giving,  
His will be thine and aye the same.

What thou hast lost, He has been finding,  
With Him are all whom thou didst love ;  
His hand for ever will be binding,  
Thee and the loved ones found above

## XI.

O what would I have been without Thee?

What without Thee would I be not?

Dark fear and anguish were about me,

Alone in this wide world, my lot.

No certain love had I been proving,

The future, an abyss concealed ;

When sorrows deep my heart were moving,

To whom had I my care revealed ?

Alone, consumed by love and longing,

Each day appear'd as dark as night ;

And, though hot tears were ever thronging,

I rushed along life's wilder'd flight ;

By unrest through the turmoil driven,

I felt a hopeless grief within ;

Who could without a friend in Heav'n,

On earth a sure stay ever win ?

But now has Christ, Himself revealing,  
Become to me the Truth, the Way ;  
The Light of Life, past all concealing,  
Drives boundless darkness quick away ;  
With Him is manhood crowned by duty,  
And fate through Him doth glorious show ;  
Ev'n in the north all India's beauty,  
Must round this lov'd One joyous blow.

Life now is filled with love o'erflowing,  
The whole world speaks of love and rest ;  
Now leaves to heal all wounds are growing,  
And free and full beats every breast.  
For all his thousand gifts so precious,  
His humble child, I hold Him dear ;  
And in our midst He comes most gracious,  
Where two or three are gather'd here.

O go ye out o'er all the highways,  
And bring the wanderers gently  
And even in the darkest byways,  
Let Love's glad call the fallen woe  
For Heaven is now on earth appearing,  
In faith we can behold its glories,  
To all it opens, who are hearing  
In faith the truths that shall remain.

Sin's old and heavy curse, past imaging,  
Had all our hearts to phantoms turned,  
We wander'd in the night, blind, groping,  
While both remorse and pleasure blazed,  
And every deed seem'd unforgiven,  
Man felt himself to God a foe,  
And seem'd a voice to speak of woe,  
It spoke above of death.

Within the heart where life should brighten,  
An evil spirit dwelt and reigned ;  
If truths betimes the soul did lighten,  
But more unrest was all it gained ;  
An iron hand in earth's dark prison,  
Held fast the soul in dread of doom ;  
And Death's drawn sword in fearful vision,  
Did what remained of hope consume.

Then came a Saviour to deliver,  
The Son of Man with love and power ;  
He lit within the fire that never  
Will cease to glow till life's last hour ;  
And now we see the open'd Heaven,  
Eternal home for our abode ;  
And to us faith and hope are given,  
That we may feel akin with God.

Now conquer'd Sin hath lost his terror,  
And joyous every step is now ;  
And this pure faith to guard from error,  
We wreathe around the children's brow.  
And by it life new consecrated,  
Now flows on like a blessed dream ;  
And by eternal love elated,  
The glad farewell no death doth seem.

And still in wondrous glory living,  
The Holy Saviour standeth near ;  
His crown of thorns, His faithful giving,  
Still draw from us affection's tear.  
Then welcome all whose sins are wipen,  
Who seize His hand, His goodness prize ;  
They, in His heart received, shall ripen  
To golden fruit of Paradise.

## XII.

When our heart dismayed and troubled,  
All but sinks in dark despair ;  
When by sudden sickness doubled,  
Gnaws within us poignant care ;  
When we see our loved ones languish,  
Pain and grief their life consume,  
Clouds darken round us in our anguish  
Which no rays of hope illumine.

Oh ! then God bends down from Heaven,  
All His love comes near again ;  
And as we long that good be given,  
By us stands His Angel plain ;  
Brings the cup of life's refreshing,  
Whispers comfort, courage new ;  
And we pray, not vainly, wishing  
Rest for our dear loved ones too.



## XIII.

## A DITHYRAMBIC HYMN.

Few are there who know  
The Mystery of loving,  
Who feel insatiableness  
And eternal thirst.  
The Eucharist  
Has Divine significance,  
But to earthly senses all an enigma.  
Yet who once ever  
From dear lips warm and beloved,  
Hath drawn life's own breathing :  
Who hath felt heart-glow  
Of holy feeling in trembling thrills ;  
Who hath opened his eyes  
To measure the heavens'  
Unfathomable depths above,  
Such one will eat of His body,

And will drink of His blood likewise,  
Evermore.

Who has yet found the high meaning  
Of the earthly body ?

Who can yet say  
He understands the blood ?  
All body is one ;

But one  
In the blood heavenly,  
Swims the most blessed pair.

O that the world-sea  
Were reddening now,  
And into fragrant flesh,  
Would burst forth the rock !

Ne'er endeth the meal so sweet,  
Never is love satiated ;  
Ne'er inward nor its own enough,  
Can it possess the Belovèd.

By lips that are aye tenderer,

Becomes transformed what is enjoyed,  
More inwardly and closely.  
Warmer the pleasure  
That thrills the soul through ;  
Thirstier and hungrier  
Grows the heart :  
And so lasteth love's sweet enjoyment,  
Eternal to eternity.  
If the prudent had once,  
But once tasted it,  
They would leave everything,  
And would sit down with us  
Yearning at the table,  
Which ne'er is drawn.  
They would know then the fulness  
Of infinite loving,  
Would praise the nourishing  
Body and blood.



Thoughts on Religion.

‘Everything is seed-corn.’—NOVALIS.

‘Tieck thinks he may be likened to Dante . . . We should incline rather to call him the German Pascal than the German Dante. Between Pascal and Novalis, a lover such analogies might trace not a few points of resemblance. Both are of the purest, most affectionate moral nature ; both of a high, fine, discursive intellect ; both are mathematicians and naturalists, yet occupy themselves chiefly with Religion nay, the best writings of both are left in the shape of “Thoughts,” materials of a grand scheme which each of them, with the views peculiar to his age, had planned for the furtherance of Religion, and which neither of them ived to execute.’—CARLYLE.

‘The confessional Ecclesiasticism is approaching its end. Christianity is striving to create for itself a new vestment, and hence arises its apparent want of influence upon the souls of men at this moment. A new phase in the development of Christianity is in the act of coming ; it is the throes of this birth which the present generations must endure.—Novalis was one of the first Prophets of this new time.’

SOPHIE VON HARDENBERG.

‘Many of his great thoughts will yet, in time coming, lend their inspiration ; and noble minds and deep thinkers will be enlightened and enkindled by the sparks of his genius.’—TIECK.

# Thoughts on Religion.



## I.

### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY GENERALLY.

RELIGION embraces in itself the whole sphere of the so-called super-sensible and super-terrestrial. It is partly theoretical, partly practical.



All absolute feeling is religious.



Love is the final end of the world's history, the Amen of the universe.



Absolute Love, independent of the heart and grounded upon faith, is Religion.

Love can pass through absolute will into Religion. We become worthy of the highest being only through death, atoning death.

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All our natural tendencies and desires appear to be nothing but applied Religion. The heart seems to be, as it were, the religious organ. Perhaps the highest product of the productive heart is nothing else than Heaven. Religion arises when the heart, withdrawn from all single real objects, feels and makes itself an ideal object. All individual desires unite into one desire, whose wondrous object is a higher Being, a Deity ; and hence genuine piety embraces all the feelings and tendencies. This natural God eats us, produces us, speaks with us, trains us, lets Himself be eaten by us, be begotten, and be produced by us, and is the infinite matter of our activity and of our suffering. If we make our beloved one into such a God, this is applied Religion.



God is a mixed conception. It has arisen out of the combination of all the faculties of the soul, by means of a moral Revelation.

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We must think of God as personal, as we think ourselves as personal. God is just as personal and individual as we are ; for our so-called Ego is not our true Ego, but only its reflection.

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It is among men that we must seek God. The Spirit of Heaven reveals itself most clearly in human events and feelings.

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All Faith is wonderful and miraculous. God exists in the moment in which I believe in Him. Faith is indirectly miraculous power. Through faith we can perform miracles for ourselves at every moment, and often for others too if they have faith in us. Faith is activity and sensation in another world perceived here below ;

it is an observed transmundane act. The genuine Faith refers only to things of another world. Faith is the feeling of an awakening and acting in another world. Will is applied earthly faith. Faith is the perception of realized will.

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If one has God in the heart he does not need to ponder ; for then there is only one great elevating feeling in the soul. Upon the divine face there are no clouds ; there is but one splendour, one glory there. The man is other than the child, and to be a man comes from God.

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May there not be a faculty in us which plays the same part here as the environing ether around us, that invisible visible matter, the stone of the philosophers, which is everywhere and nowhere, everything and nothing ? We call it instinct or genius. It is everywhere a *prior* thing ; it is the fulness of the future, the fulness of times generally ; it is in time what the stone of the philosophers is

in space. Reason, phantasy, understanding, and sense are only its several functions.

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There are many flowers in this world which are of super-terrestrial origin, which do not flourish in this clime, and are properly heralds, summoning messengers, of a better existence. Among these messengers are pre-eminently to be reckoned Religion and Love. The highest happiness is to know one's beloved as good and virtuous ; the highest care is care for such a one's nobleness. Attention to God and heedfulness to those moments at which the ray of a heavenly conviction and calm breaks into our souls, is the most beneficent experience that we can have for ourselves and those we love.

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To act morally and to act religiously, are united in the most essential way. We ought entirely to aim at inward and outward harmony ; to fulfil at once the law and the will of God, and each for its

own sake. There is therefore a one-sided moral acting and a one-sided religious acting.

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The more moral we are, so much the more are we in harmony with God; so much the more divine are we, and so much the more allied with God. It is only through the Moral Sense that God becomes perceivable to us. The Moral Sense is the sense for existence without external modifications. It is the sense for alliance, the sense for what is highest, the sense for harmony, the sense for freely chosen, discovered and yet common Life and Being; it is the sense for the thing-in-itself; it is the genuine sense of divination. To divine is to perceive something without outward occasion of contact. The word 'sense' points, indeed, to immediate external knowledge, contact or mixture; and it is certainly not quite appropriate here. It is, however, an infinite expression, just as there are infinite magnitudes. The special element can here be expressed only approximately and as our need requires it. This

sense is *not* a sense ; or, in other words, it is a sense in reference to that which is not sensible.

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God and Nature must therefore be separated. God is the goal of Nature, that with which it has yet to harmonise.—The moral God is something much higher than the magical (natural) God.

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For God there is no devil at all ; for us, however, he is unhappily a very active phantom of the brain.

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All that is good in the world is the result of the immediate activity of God.

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God can appear to me in every man.

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As from every genuine citizen the genius of the State shines forth, so in a religious community a

personal God reveals Himself, as it were, in a thousand forms. Neither does the State nor God, any more than any spiritual reality, appear single, but rather in a thousand manifold forms. Only pantheistically does God appear *all*; and it is only in pantheism that God is *all*, everywhere in every individual.

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Religion cannot be otherwise proclaimed than as love and patriotism. If anyone is to be made to be in love, how is a beginning properly to be made?

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If anyone is without sense for Religion, he must yet have something in its place which may be to him what Religion is to others. Hence many controversies may well arise between them, since the objects and senses of both must have much resemblance, and everyone uses the same words for his own objects and yet the two things are entirely different. From this there must arise much confusion.

Can Miracles work conviction? or is not true conviction—this highest function of our soul and of our personality—the only true God-proclaiming miracle? Every miracle must remain isolated in us, unconnected with the rest of our consciousness, a dream. But an inward moral conviction, a divine intuition: this would be a real abiding miracle.

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The propensity towards the miraculous and the mysterious, is nothing but a striving after a non-sensible spiritual stimulus.

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Miracles, as facts contrary to nature, are anti-mathematical. But there is no miracle in this sense, and what is so called, is just made conceivable by mathematics; for to mathematics nothing is miraculous.

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Miracles stand in a reciprocal relation with the operations of natural laws; they limit off each

other mutually, and together constitute a whole. They are united in that they reciprocally cancel each other. There is no miracle without a natural event, and conversely. Has nature always been conformable to law, and will she always remain conformable to law ?

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All that is mystical is personal, and consequently it is an elemental variation of the universe.

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Belief is a mixture of will and the impulse of knowledge.

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A truly devout soul sees God's finger everywhere, and gives constant attention to His indications and dispensations.

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Spinoza and others have, with peculiar instinct, sought everything in Theology, and have made Theology the seat of Intelligence.



Theology as the doctrine of Religion, is scientific Poetry. Poetry is among the feelings what Philosophy is in relation to thoughts.

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Among the ancients Religion was already in a certain measure what it has to become with us, namely, practical poesy.

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Reason, soul, earnestness, and science are inseparable from the cause of God.

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The spirit leads an eternal self-demonstration.

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The highest is the most intelligible, the nearest, the most indispensable. Only through acquaintance with ourselves and desuetude of ourselves, does there arise for us an inconceivability which is inconceivable in itself.

Love is a product of the interaction of two individuals, and hence it is mystical and universal, and capable of being infinitely developed like the individual principle itself.

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We can of ourselves know nothing ; all genuine knowledge must be given to us.

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Conviction is believed knowledge, and conversely. One conviction arises in the understanding merely, one in the senses, one in the will. A harmonious and unmonotonous coincidence of all three, constitutes the perfect conviction.

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Nothing is more attainable to the spirit than the Infinite.

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The more object there is, so much greater is the love to it ; and to an Absolute Object there corresponds absolute love.

The world depends on faith. Faith and pre-judgment are one. A thing *is* to me as I accept it.

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We are more closely connected with the invisible than with the visible.

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As the eye only sees the eye, so does the understanding only see the understanding, the soul souls, the reason reason, spirit spirits, the imagination only imagination, the senses senses. So God is known only through a God.

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Faith has also degrees. It disposes. The whole world has arisen out of the power of faith. In the will is the ground of the creation. Faith is an effect of the operation of the will upon the intelligence. The power of faith is therefore will: And from the application of this force, the world gradually arises.

It is certain that an opinion gains very much as soon as I know that some other one is convinced of it, and really accepts it.

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If our intelligence and our world harmonise, we are like God.

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To the genuinely religious man nothing is sin.

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It is through Religion that men first rightly become one.

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What is universal in every moment endures ; for it is in the whole. The whole works in every moment, in every manifestation. Humanity, the Eternal, is omnipresent ; for it knows neither space nor time. We are, we live, we think in God ; for this is the personified species. There is no universal or particular to our senses. Canst thou say it is here or there ? It is all ; it is

everywhere. In it we live and move and have our being. All that is genuine, all that is personal, all truth lasts for ever.

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He who once wills to seek God, finds Him everywhere.

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Science is only one half ; faith is the other half.

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Faith is a feeling of knowing. Apprehension is a knowing of feeling.

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Man's power and incitability are strengthened when he is armed by faith.

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Faith is so far a voluntary means of bringing forth feelings in ourselves. We can and ought to increase and develop this faculty and capacity infinitely more than is yet done.

## II.

VARIOUS HISTORICAL RELATIONS AND  
FORMS OF RELIGION.

THE more reflective and genuinely poetical a man is, so much more developed and historical will be his religion.

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I am convinced that true revelations are attained rather through cold technical understanding and calm moral sense, than through phantasy which appears to lead us merely into the realm of spectres, —the antipodes of the real Heaven.

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Prophesyings might, even from the complaisance and concordance of fate with the prophet, become true.

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The seer is the perfectly circumspect man.

In order to be properly acquainted with a truth, we must have previously disbelieved it and disputed against it.

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Unbelief is lack of a divine organ and of deity. There are therefore direct and indirect Atheists.

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A good deal of Scepticism is nothing but immature Idealism. The Realist is an Idealist who knows nothing of himself. Realism is crude idealism at first hand.

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May not the Devil, as the father of lies, be himself but a necessary phantasm? Deceit and delusion alone are opposed to truth, virtue and religion. Caprice, slavish wilfulness, superstition, waywardness, perversity and a self-will that is determined by mere contingencies, are opposed to the free will. It is from these that deception arises.

All illusion is as essential to truth as the body to the soul. Error is the necessary instrument of truth. With error I make truth. All transition begins with illusion. I see out of me what is in me; I believe that that has happened which I am just doing. Faith is the operation of illuding, the basis of illusion. All knowing in the distance, is faith. An idea viewed as out of me, is a thing.

All knowing begins and ends in faith. The expansion of knowledge, forwards and backwards, is an out-pushing or enlargement of the domain of faith.

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Anything that is arbitrarily chosen, although accidental or individual, may become the organ of our world. A vision, a star, a region, an old tree, or anything of this kind, may form an epoch in our inner life. This is the gross realism of fetish worship.

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Light is the symbol of genuine intelligence and circumspection. Thus light is by analogy the act



of the self-stirring of matter. The Day is accordingly the consciousness of the planet; and while the sun like a god animates the centre in eternal self-activity, one planet after the other opens one eye for a longer or shorter time, and refreshes itself in cool sleep for new life and perception. Here, then, is Religion; for, is the life of the planet anything else than sun-worship? Here, too, dost thou present thyself to us, thou antique child-like Religion of the Parsees, and we find in thee the Religion of the universe.

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It is strange that in so many religions, the gods appear to be lovers of the ugly.

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The too early and immoderate use of religion is extremely prejudicial to the growth and prospering of humanity, just as brandy and such-like are prejudicial to the physical development.

It is strange enough that the Greek mythology was so independent of Religion. It appears there was a development of Art in Greece before Religion, and that an infinitely sublime idealism of Religion was instinctive in the Greeks. Religion was essentially an object of human Art. Art appeared divine ; or Religion appeared artistic and human. The sense of Art was the sense that generated Religion ; the Deity revealed Himself through Art.

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The Greek mythology appears as existing for the more cultivated men, and to be thus in entire opposition to Christianity. Pantheism is a third termination.

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In most of the systems of religion we are regarded as members of the Deity ; and if these do not obey the incitations of the whole—even although they may not act intentionally against the laws of the whole, but only wish to go on their own way and not to be members—they are treated

medically by the Deity, and are either painfully healed or wholly cut off.

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If God could become man, He can also become stone, plant, animal, and element ; and perhaps there is in this way a continuous redemption in nature.

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Nothing is more indispensable to true religious life than a Mediator connecting us with the Deity. Man absolutely cannot stand in immediate relation with the Deity. In the choice of this intermediate member, man must be entirely free. The slightest compulsion in this connection does harm to his Religion. The choice is characteristic ; and, consequently, cultivated men will choose very much the same intermediate members, whereas the uncultivated man will be usually determined in this by accident. As, however, so few men are capable generally of a free choice, some mediators will become more universal, whether it

be by accident, by association, or by their peculiar suitability for it. In this way the Religions of the different countries arise. The more independent the man becomes, so much the more does the quantity or extent of the intermediation diminish ; its quality becomes the more refined ; and its relations to the individual become more manifold and more cultivated. Thus we have Fetishes, Stars, Beasts, Heroes, Idols, Gods, one God-man. It is soon seen how relative these choices are ; and imperceptibly the mind is driven to the idea that the essence of Religion does not depend upon the quality of the mediator, but consists in the view held of mediation, or in the relations to it.

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It is Idolatry in the wider sense, when I regard this Mediator, in fact as God Himself. It is Irreligion, when I accept no Mediator at all ; and so far, superstition and idolatry and unbelief or theism—which may also be called the older Judaism—are both forms of Irreligion.—On the

other hand, Atheism is merely the negation of all Religion as such, and has therefore nothing at all to do with Religion. The true Religion accepts the Mediator *as* a Mediator, holding him, as it were, to be the organ of the Deity or the sensible manifestation of the Deity. In this respect, the Jews, in the time of the Babylonian captivity, received a genuinely religious tendency, a religious hope, a belief in a future religion, which transformed them fundamentally in a wonderful way, and which has preserved them in the most remarkable permanence till our time.

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True Religion appears, on closer examination, to be divided by counter designations into Pantheism and Monotheism. I use a license here in not taking Pantheism in the common sense, but understanding by it the idea that *everything* may be an organ of the Deity, or a Mediator. In like manner, Monotheism is used in opposition to Pantheism to designate the belief that there is only *one* such organ in the world for us, which

is considered as alone conformable to the idea of a Mediator, and by which alone God lets Himself be perceived. This organ is therefore such as I am compelled by myself to choose; for otherwise Monotheism would not be true Religion. However incompatible these two forms of Religion may appear to be, yet a union of them may be effected if the Monotheistic Mediator is regarded as the mediator of the mediating world of Pantheism; and if it is, as it were, centralised by him, so that the one makes the other necessary, although in different ways. Prayer or religious thought thus consists of a three-fold ascending indivisible abstraction or position.

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Every object may be a Temple to the religious man, in the sense of the Augurs. The Spirit of this temple is the omnipotent High Priest, the monotheistic Mediator, who alone stands in immediate relation with the Deity.

What is Mysticism? What must be mystically treated? Religion, Love, Nature, the State.—All that is select is related to mysticism. If all men were a pair of lovers, the distinction between mysticism and not-mysticism would fall away.

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Mystical faith in what has actual existence, as in the old and known, and mystical hope of all that is to come, or of the new and unknown, are two important characteristics of the humanity of the past.

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Why is it that 'Virtuosity' cannot find a place in religion? Because it rests upon love. Schleiermacher has proclaimed a kind of love as religion—an art-religion—almost a religion like that of the artist who worships beauty and the ideal. Love is free; it chooses by preference what is poorest and most in need of help. God therefore accepts most readily the poor and sinners. Are there loveless natures? Then there are also irreligious natures.

Spinozism is a surfeit with deity.—Spinoza is a God-intoxicated man.

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The Moravians annihilate their reason; the Emotionalists annihilate their understanding; the Intellectualists annihilate their heart. No act is more common in us than the act of annihilation. And just as common is the act of position. We posit and assume a thing arbitrarily, because we wish it. This is not done from conscious wilfulness, for something is here actually laid down for the will, but from an instinctive act of will which unquestionably has its foundation in inertness. To raise oneself above all the trouble of inquiry and to put an end to all controversy and division, internal and external, is an extremely convenient mode of proceeding. It is a kind of magic by which we arrange the world around us according to our convenience and caprice.



## III.

## CHRISTIANITY. THE BIBLE. WORSHIP.

The Christian Religion is specifically the religion of joyful feeling. Sin is the greatest stimulus to love of the Deity; the more sinful man feels himself, so much the more Christian he is. Absolute union with the Deity is the purpose of sin and love.

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The Christian Religion is also pre-eminently remarkable in this that it so decidedly claims and lays value upon the mere goodwill in man, and upon his proper nature without any development of it. It stands in opposition to science and art, and selfish enjoyment. It proceeds from the common man; it animates the great majority of those who are imperfectly cultivated in the world; it is the light which begins to gleam in darkness; it is the germ of *all democratism*, the highest fact

of popularity. Its unpoetical exterior, its resemblance to a modern domestic picture, *appears to be only lent to it*. It is tragical and yet infinitely mild: a genuine drama, a mingling of comedy and tragedy.

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The annihilation of sin, that old burden of humanity, and all belief in repentance and expiation, has been specially effected by the revelation of Christianity.

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The religious problem is to have sympathy with the Deity.—Infinite sadness of religion. If we are to love God, then He must be in need of help. How far is this problem solved in Christianity?

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Christianity is throughout historical religion, but it passes into the natural religion of morality, and the artistic religion of poetry or mythology.

History is applied morals and religion, as well as applied anthropology in the more general sense. Hence the wonderful connection of history with our destination, of Christianity with morality.

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Love is altogether a malady: hence the wondrous significance of Christianity.

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There is no religion which may not be Christianity.

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Is there a real distinction between the secular and the spiritual? Or is this polarity of our theology just of an Old Testament character. Judaism is diametrically opposed to Christianity, and lies, as well as it, in a certain measure, at the bottom of all theologies.

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In Christianity we have to study eternities. It becomes to us always higher, more manifold, and more glorious.

I must have regular superstition towards Jesus. Superstition is generally more necessary to religion than is commonly believed.

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Adam and Eve: What was effected by a revolution must be undone by a revolution (bite of an apple).

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No circumstance in the history of religion is more noteworthy than the new idea that arose with Christianity of a humanity and of a universal religion. With this idea proselytism arose. Extremely remarkable is also the dispersion of the Oriental Jews into the West and the diffusion of the new religion among the people who were the civilized conquerors of the world, and who communicated it to the conquered and uncivilised nations.

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All that is national, temporal, local, individual, may be universalised and thus canonised and

made universal. Christ is such an ennobled citizen of his country.

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What we call belief in reconciliation, is nothing but the confidence of a complete poetical wisdom in the destinies of our life.

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Martyrs are spiritual heroes. Every man has, in fact, his martyr years. Christ was the great martyr of our race. Through Him martyrdom has become infinitely profound and holy.

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The Bible begins gloriously with Paradise, the symbol of youth, and closes with the eternal kingdom, with the Holy City. Its two chief divisions are also genuinely historical on the great scale. In every great historical member, the great history must, as it were, be symbolically rejuvenated. The beginning of the New Testament is the second higher fall; sin is what has to be

atoned for, and it is the beginning of the new period. The history of every man ought to be a Bible. Christ is the new Adam.

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A Bible is the highest task of literature.

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Should not the Bible be conceived as still in growth?

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Very much in Scripture is local and temporal. See the Old Testament.

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In the Gospels there lie the outlines of future and higher gospels.

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When the spirit sanctifies, every genuine book is a Bible. But it is rare that a book is written for the sake of the book ; and if the spirit is like a noble metal, then are most books Ephraimites. Cer-

tainly every useful book must at least be strongly alloyed. The noble metal is not to be used pure in commerce and common life. It is with many true books as it was with nuggets of gold in Ireland; they are used for long years only as weights.

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The Holy Spirit is more than the Bible. He is to be our teacher of Christianity, not a dead earthly ambiguous letter.

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The history of Christ is as certainly a poem as it is a history; and generally it holds that that history is only a history which can also be romance.

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The resemblance of our holy history to legendary tales is extremely remarkable. At the commencement, there is an enchantment, then a wondrous reconciliation, and so on: the fulfilment of the condition of the curse. Frenzy and enchantment have much that is similar; an enchanter is an artist of frenzy.

Dithyrambs are genuinely Christian products.

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The Catholic Religion is to a certain extent already Applied Christian Religion. The Philosophy of Fichte is also perhaps Applied Christianity.

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The genuine Gothic temple is truly religious.

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Praying is in religion, what thinking is in philosophy. Praying is making religion. Sermons ought properly to be prayers. The religious sense prays as the organ of thought thinks. Religion progresses to religion. It has a special religious world, a religious element of its own.

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Men ought to be ashamed if they cannot bring their thought to think what they would. Pray God for his aid that he may help to drive away anxious thoughts. Learn only to know an anxious



thought to be such the moment it is so. With fervent prayer and fixed purpose much is possible. So soon as you become anxious, and sad vexing thoughts press upon you, then begin most heartily to pray. If the first attempts do not succeed, you will certainly succeed in time.

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A sermon is a fragment of the Bible, of the holy book, of the canonical part of the Bible. Every sermon ought to awaken religion, and to present the truths of religion; it is the highest thing that a man can deliver. Sermons contain contemplations of God and experiences of God. Every sermon is an effect of inspiration; it must and can only be genial.

In the process of representing the Perfect, how is wearisomeness to be avoided? The contemplation of God appears as a religious effort to be too monotonous. Let any one recall the perfect characters in the drama, or the dryness of a genuine purely philosophical or mathematical system. In this way even the contemplation of

Jesus may be wearisome. The sermon must be pantheistic ; it must contain applied individual religion, individualised theology.

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Sermons ought to be associations of divine inspirations, of heavenly intuitions.—Sermons should properly be called legends ; for the proper matter of sermons is legendary matter.

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The preacher must first of all seek to arouse enthusiasm, for this is the element of religion. Every word must be clear, warm, and heart-felt. He must seek to isolate his community in the world, to give it *Esprit de corps*, to enlighten and raise it above the world and the higher ranks, to make its calling dear and its life agreeable, and to fill it with noble self-feeling.

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Sermons must absolutely not be dogmatic, but be directly addressed to the quickening of the

holy sense of intuition and to the animation of the activity of the heart. Sermons and hymns may contain histories. Histories work pre-eminently in a religious way. Instructive and preparatory and moral sermons, belong to another species. God's word must become genuine sermons, inspirations, religious manifestations, revelations in words. Repose, congregation, architecture, ritual and music, are suitable for this purpose. Genuine religion expresses itself properly through a pure, satisfying and all-animating enthusiasm, which, like warmth, elevates everything. Spiritual songs or hymns, and sermons must be simple and yet highly poetical.

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In the most of Lavater's hymns there is still too much that is earthly, too much morality and asceticism, while there is too little of the essential, too little mysticism. Hymns ought to be very living, inward, universal, and mystical.

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The element of lamentation, the expression of

sorrow in our church music, is conformable merely with the Religion of repentance, or the Old Testament, in which we still properly are. The New Testament is still to us a book with seven seals. We have, however, some excellent attempts at true spiritual music.

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The clergy and the Moravians have at least this distinguishing and remarkable characteristic that they are idealists by profession, and practise religion *ex professo*; they make it their main business, and properly live in this world as in and for another world.

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The Moravians have wished to introduce the spirit of children. But is it the genuine spirit of the kind? Or is it not rather a childish mother-spirit, an old-wife spirit.—When Christ says become like children, He means indeterminate children, and not distorted, effeminated, sweetish, modern children.

In religious assemblies, every one ought to rise and communicate divine history to others from the treasury of his experiences. This religious attention to the gleamings of the sun of the other world, is a chief requisite of the religious man. As everything can be made the object of an epigram or of an idea, so may everything also be transformed into an utterance, into a religious epigram, into God's Word.

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Our whole life is worship.

## IV.

HIGHER RELIGION. LIFE AND DEATH.  
THE LAST THINGS.

As yet there is no Religion. We must first found a training school of genuine Religion. Think ye that there is Religion? Religion must be made and produced through the union of a number of men. The fullest germs of the new Religion lie in Christianity, but they also lie there comparatively neglected.

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The opinion regarding the negativity of Christianity [expressed by F. Schlegel], is excellent; Christianity is thus elevated to the rank of being the basis of the projecting power of a new world and humanity, of a living moral space. Absolute attraction, annihilation of the present, apotheosis of the future, as the specifically better world: this is the kernel of the promises of Christianity, and

hereby it attaches itself to the Religion of the antiquarians, the divinity of the antique, the restoration of antiquity, as a second principal wing. The two hold up the universe, as the body of an angel in eternal poise, in eternal enjoyment of space and time.

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Christianity is too political, and its politics much too material. On the other hand, a symbolico-mystical polity is permissible and even essential.

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The spiritual world is in fact already disclosed to us ; it is always manifest. Did we suddenly become as elastic as might be necessary, we would see ourselves in the midst of it. Our present defective state always makes a method of salvation necessary ; formerly it consisted of fasting and moral purifications, now perhaps a strengthening method may be necessary.

All that we experience is a communication ; and thus the world is in fact a communication, a revelation of spirit. The time is past in which the Spirit of God was intelligible. The sense of the meaning of the world has been lost ; we have stopped at the letter and, in attending to appearances, have forgotten what appears. Formerly everything was regarded as a manifestation of spirit ; now we see nothing but dead repetition which we do not understand. The meaning of the hieroglyph is wanting. We still live on the fruit of better times.

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All conviction is independent of natural truth ; it relates to magical or miraculous truth. One can only be convinced of natural truth, in so far as it becomes miraculous truth. All demonstration is based upon conviction, and is consequently only a succedaneum in a state in which there is a lack of thoroughgoing miraculous truth. All natural truths accordingly rest, in like manner, upon miraculous truths.



Christianity is entirely historical religion, but it passes into the natural religion of Morality and the artistic religion of Poetry or Mythology.

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Self-alienation is the source of all humiliation, as on the contrary it is the ground of all genuine elevation. The first step becomes a look inwards, a separating off and contemplation of ourself. He who stops here only gets half way. The second step must be an active look outwards, a self-active sustained contemplation of the external world.

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Anyone to whom it has once become clear that the world is the Kingdom of God—when this great conviction has permeated him with infinite fulness—goes consoled along the dark path of life, and gazes with deep divine calmness into its storms and dangers.

What is an anxious hour, a painful night, a gloomy month, to a long happy eternity? It requires the highest patience to resist unrest and anxiety; but it is also the remedy against them.

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Patience is two-fold: a calm endurance of want and a calm endurance of excess. Genuine patience springs from great elasticity.

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All anxiety comes from the devil; courage and joyfulness are from God.

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If the soul is calm, the body will also soon be calmed.

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What does not help at once, helps in time. Only let not courage and faith be lost.

---

Every gloomy thought is an earthly and transitory thought of anxiety.

The heart is the key of the world and of life. We live in this helpless state in order to love and to be bound to others. Through imperfection we become capable of the influence of others, and this external influence is its final cause. In states of disease, it is only others that can and ought to help us. Christ, regarded from this point of view, is undoubtedly the key of the world.

---

Genuine innocence is as little lost as genuine life is. The usual innocence exists only once like the individual, and comes no more again than he does. Whoever, like the gods, loves the first-born, will never find the same taste for the second innocence as for the first, notwithstanding that the last is more than the first. Some things can appear only once, because, *once* belongs to their nature.

---

Our life is both absolute and dependent at the same time. We die only to a certain extent. Our life must therefore be in part a member of a greater common life.

The common everyday life is a priestly service, somewhat like that of the Vestals. We are occupied with nothing but the preservation of a holy and mysterious flame, which appears as double. It depends upon ourselves how we cherish and wait upon it. May not the manner in which we cherish it be perhaps the measure of our fidelity, love, and carefulness for the highest, and the character of our essential being? Is not faithfulness to our calling a symbolical sign of our religiousness, that is, of our real nature?

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It may always be admitted that man has a predominating propensity to evil. So much the better is he by nature; for it is only the dissimilar that attracts.

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One can only become in so far as one already is.

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As earthly beings we strive after spiritual development, after spirit generally; as extra-

earthly spiritual beings after earthly development, after body generally. It is only through morality that we, as both, attain to our ends.

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To have desires and to control them, is more praiseworthy than to avoid desires.

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Opposing what is bad to virtue, is giving it too much honour.

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He who regards life otherwise than as an illusion that annihilates itself, is still himself entangled in life.

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Our life is imperfect because it has periods ; it should be only one period, and then it would be infinite. The process of relation is the substantial element. Where increase is combined with condensation, there is life.

Fear may be even a symptom of an agreeable object, as in reverential awe.

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One must necessarily be terrified when casting a glance into the depths of the spirit. The sense of depth and the will, have no limits. It is with them as it is with the heavens. The imagination stands still, exhausted ; and its mere momentary constitution is thereby indicated. Here we come upon the possibility of spiritual diseases,—in short, upon the doctrine of the spiritual life and constitution ; and the moral law appears here as the only true and great law of the gradual elevation of the universe, as the fundamental law of harmonious development. Man advances in successive steps, and with every real step he advances more easily ; with all acquired velocity space increases. It is only the look that is turned backward which carries forward, as the look that is turned forward leads backward.

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An absolute impulse after perfection and completeness, is disease as soon as it shows itself to be

destructive and averse to what is incomplete and imperfect.

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We ought not merely to be men ; our destination is to be more than men. Man in general is a universe, but a universe that is indetermined. It may and ought to be at once determined and undetermined.

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All that man makes is a man ; or—what is the same thing—a constituent element of a man, a human being.

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A character is a perfectly formed will.

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There is a mode of totally realising our will.

We must get the body as well as the soul into our power. The body is the instrument for the formation and modification of the world ; we must therefore seek to develop our body into an all-capable organ. Modification of our organ is modification of the world.

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The more spiritual and developed a man is, so much the more personal are his members, *e.g.*, his eyes, his hand, his fingers, etc.

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There is only one Temple in the world ; and that is the human body. There is nothing holier than this high form. Bending before men is an act of homage to this Revelation in the flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.

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Man is a Sun ; his senses are the planets.



Man is the higher Sense of our planet. He is the star which connects it with the upper world ; the eye which it turns towards Heaven.

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Man has always expressed a symbolical philosophy of his being in his works, and in his doing and suffering. He announces himself and his gospel to Nature ; he is the Messiah of Nature.

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The present heaven and the present earth are of a prosaic nature ; this is a world-period of utility. The judgment of the world is the beginning of the new, formed, poetical period.

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Our conscience already proves our relation, connection, and possibility of transition to another world ; it demonstrates an inner independent power and a state out of the common individuality.

The synthesis of soul and body constitutes the person. The person again is related to the spirit as the body to the soul. It also falls away and comes forth again in an ennobled form.

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Transitoriness, frailty, is the character of Nature combined with Spirit. It gives evidence of activity and universality, of the sublime personality of the spirit.

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Everything is of itself eternal. Mortality and mutability even constitute a prerogative of higher natures. Eternity is a sign—*sit venia verbis*—of non-spiritual natures. The perfect condition is a synthesis of eternity and temporality.

---

Our spirit is an associational substance ; it proceeds from the harmony or simultaneousness of

the manifold, and maintains itself by this. The spirit is the social concentrating principle. Only a spirit, an association, has given it existence. Death transposes it in the great association to somewhere else, awakens it somewhere else.

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The blossom of the flower is the symbol of the mystery of our spirit.

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It is only the coward who is not immortal.

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The future is not for one who is sick ; only the glance of the healthy can lose itself boldly in its wonderful ways.

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Misfortune is a call to God. Man can only become holy through misfortune ; hence the old saints even threw themselves into misfortune.

All that we call 'accident,' is from God.

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We must not seek our righteousness in the world.

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Death is nothing but interruption of the interchange between the inner and the outer stimulations between soul and world.

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Death is the romanticising principle of our life.—Through death life is strengthened.

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Death is a self-conquest which, like all overcoming of self, procures a new easier existence.

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We leap like an electric spark into the other world. There is increase of capacity. Death is

transformation, suppression of the individual principle, which now enters into a new, more enduring, more capable connection.

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The life of a truly canonical man, must be thoroughly symbolical. Under this presupposition is not every death to be regarded as an atoning death? This is more or less understood; and are there not several extremely remarkable consequences to be drawn from it?

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A demon who can appear—*really* appear—must be a good spirit; as is the man who can really do miracles and who can really cultivate intercourse with spirits. A man who becomes spirit, is at the same time a spirit who becomes body. This higher kind of death—if I may so express myself—has nothing to do with the common death; it will be something that we may call ‘transfiguration.’

Our world is what it is as member of the universal system of the world ; its changes are determined with and through the changes of the great system.

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The last day will not be a single day but just that period which is also called the millennial kingdom. Every man can evoke his last day by his morality. The millennial kingdom is continually present among us. The best among us who already in the time of their life attain to the spiritual world, die only in appearance ; they let themselves only seemingly die ; and thus too the good spirits who on their side have attained to communion with the corporeal world, do not appear in order not to disturb us. He who does not desire to attain to completion here perhaps attains it above, or must begin another earthly career. May there not also be a death in the world above, the result of which may be earthly birth? In this way the human race may be smaller and less in number than we think. But

again it may be thought of otherwise :—spectres, indirect, false, deceptive transfigurations—results of obscuration. Only to the wise man who is already transfigured here below, do embodied spirits appear.

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We are near awakening, when we dream that we dream.

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Our Life is no dream, but it may and perhaps will become one.

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The phantasy represents the future world as either in the heights above, or in the depths below, or in a metempsychosis unto us. We dream of journeyings through the universe. Is not the universe then in us? We do not know the depths of our spirit. The mysterious path goes inwards.

Eternity, with its worlds of the past and future, is in us or nowhere. The outward world is the world of shadow ; it throws its shade into the realm of light. It indeed appears at present to us inwardly very dark, solitary, formless ; but how entirely otherwise will it seem to us when this gloom has passed, and the body from which the shadow was thrown has moved away. We shall then have more enjoyment than ever, our spirit having endured want.

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The individuality in Nature is quite infinite. How much does this view animate our hopes of the Personality of the universe.

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The world is any case the result of an active reciprocity between me and the Deity. All that arises and exists, arises out of a contact of spirits.

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All accident is wonderful, is contact of a Higher Being; a problem or datum of the actively religious sense.



Our conscience already proves our relation and connection with a higher world, and the possibility of a transition to it. It demonstrates an internal, independent power, and a state out of the common individuality.

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Is it not enough to know that in this life we are capable of beginning a flight which death, instead of interrupting, rather accelerates, as its continuation depends solely and only on the constant direction of our free will?

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We shall understand the world when we understand ourselves, because we and it are integrant halves. We are children of God, Divine germs. We shall yet be what our Father is.

## V.

## THE FUTURE OF CHRISTENDOM.\*

HAVE the nations all that belong to man,—with the exception only of his heart, of his sacred organ? Will they not, like men, become friends on the biers of their loved ones? Will they not forget all enmity when the divine pity speaks to them, even when one misfortune, one sorrow, one feeling has filled their eyes with tears? Does not sacrifice and devotion seize them with all-constraining power, and do they not long to be friends and allies?

Where is that old, dear, sole saving faith in the government of God upon earth? Where is that heavenly trust of men in one another, that sweet devotion which accompanies the outpourings of a divinely inspired soul, that all-embracing spirit of Christendom?

Christianity is of a three-fold form. One of its

\* [This section contains the closing paragraphs of the Fragment entitled 'Christendom or Europe,' which was written in 1799.—Tr.]

forms is the generating element of Religion, as joy in all Religion. One is Mediævalism generally, as faith in the universal capacity of all that is earthly to be the bread and wine of eternal life. And one is the Faith in Christ, His mother, and the saints. Choose which of these you will. Choose them all three: all the same you thereby become Christians and members of a single, eternal, unspeakably happy community.

The old Catholic faith, the last of these forms, was Applied Christianity; it was Christianity become living. Its omnipresence in life, its love of art, its deep humanity, the inviolability of its marriages, its philanthropic communicativeness, its joy in poverty, obedience and fidelity, make it unmistakable as a genuine religion and contain the outlines of its constitution.

It is purified by the stream of time. In inward indivisible combination with the other two forms of Christianity, it will bless this earthly world for ever.

Its accidental form is as good as annihilated. The old Papacy lies in the grave, and Rome has a

second time become a ruin. Shall Protestantism not at last cease and give place to a new and more enduring Church ?

The other parts of the world wait for the reconciliation and resurrection of Europe in order to associate themselves, and to become fellow-citizens of the Kingdom of Heaven. Shall there not again be in Europe soon, a multitude of truly holy souls ? Shall not all the true kindred of religion become full of yearning to behold Heaven upon earth, and gladly assemble and sound their sacred choirs ?

Christendom must again become living and active, and form for itself once more a visible Church without regard to the boundaries of countries. This Church will have to receive into its bosom all the souls that are thirsting for what is above the earthly, and become the willing mediator of the old world and the new.

It must pour out the ancient cornucopia of blessing again upon the peoples. Out of the sacred bosom of a venerable European Council, Christendom will arise, and the work of the awakening of religion will be carried on, according

to an all-comprehensive divine plan. No one will then protest more against Christian and worldly oppression ; for the essence of the Church will be genuine freedom, and under her guidance all necessary reforms will be carried out as peaceful and formal duties of the State.

But when and how soon shall this be? Of the time we cannot enquire. Only let there be patience. It will, it must come: the holy time of eternal peace, when the New Jerusalem shall be the capital of the world. Until then, be cheerful and brave amid the dangers of the time, ye Associates of my faith. Preach forth the divine Gospel in word and deed ; and remain faithful to the true, the infinite Faith,—even unto death.



Robt. E. Lee  
Thompson  
July 23

## Jesus All-sufficient.

If only he is mine—  
If but this poor heart  
Never more, in grief or joy,  
May from him depart,  
Then farewell to sadness,  
All I feel is love, and hope, and gladness.

If only he is mine,  
Then from all below,  
Leaning on my pilgrim-staff,  
Gladly forth I go  
From the crowd who follow  
In the broad, bright, road, their pleasures false and  
hollow.

If only he is mine,  
Then all else is given;  
Every blessing lifts my eyes  
And my heart to heaven.  
Filled with heavenly love,  
Earthly hopes and fears no longer tempt to move.

There, when he is mine,  
Is my Fatherlar

And my heritage of bliss  
Daily cometh from his hand.  
Now I find again,  
In his people, love long lost, and mourned in vain.

The way of darkness that he trod  
To heaven at last shall come,  
And he who harkens to His word  
Shall reach His Father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more,  
Though his beloved sleep;  
A happier meeting shall restore  
Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed  
With new resolve may dare;  
A glorious harvest shall the seed  
In happier regions bear.

ED.

ENBERG. 1862

here

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# Mission Field

## AFRICA.

(correspondent.)

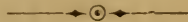
write, and south of

Every one knows Africa, a country that is at present in exciting circles. If the people are as keen in its work as the teeming millions of the continent, the pursuit of gold, and stretch out her hands only to tell what we heard.

Winter, we were told, and, although it was we set out on our ride brought us to miles more saw us at each of Scotland Missioner the famous Indian Duff. The house is building in that strange of place. We don't nor envy those who, we to live on a bare river banks so high sky and a few maize hanging eyes. Duff is house with such un- and amid such dreary re others, but this is n. Sabbath was

was cold and bleak, on comfortably filled does duty as church on practice in most worthy missionary, tho ed the praise himself, l heartily with him, in this respect most gregation, and cheer-

compared with the great mass of the unbelieving population around. At the same time, Christianity is well diffused, and one may penetrate out-of-the-way corners, and yet find ones and twos who call Jesus Saviour and Lord. Two evils chiefly hinder the progress of the Gospel in Kafraria—immorality and drink. As a rule either the one or the other is the cause of backsliding in the Church.



## TYNDAL BIBLE SCHOOL.

All lovers of the Word of God should feel a lively interest in the growing work of the Tyndal Bible School, and there can be few who would not find valuable help for their own study in one of its various correspondence classes. These are, as far as possible, adapted to all capacities, and range from special courses for advanced Bible students, conducted by well-known ministers, down to a post-card class for those who have, or think they have, "no time" to study the Bible at all. As the work of the school is carried on entirely by postal correspondence, it is available for members in all parts of the three kingdoms, and is also extending abroad.

Taking its name from the martyr to whom we so largely owe our English Bible, the Tyndal Bible School was commenced with the opening century, in the hope of stimulating the study of those who were comparatively "unskilful in the Word of righteousness." It very soon became evident, however, that "those who know it best are hungering and thirsting to hear it like the rest," for a large proportion of the members who joined the school were already mature Bible students, not a few being experienced Christian workers. It therefore became necessary to extend the scope of the work, and special courses were arranged for advanced students, the first of which Pastor Fuller Gooch kindly undertook to conduct. The special course for the autumn term, commencing next week, will be conducted by Rev. C. H. Waller, D.D., late Principal of St John's Hall, High-bury. Other classes provide simpler studies for young Christians, and for children, special arrangements being made for Bible classes and

